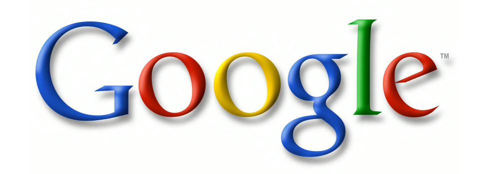
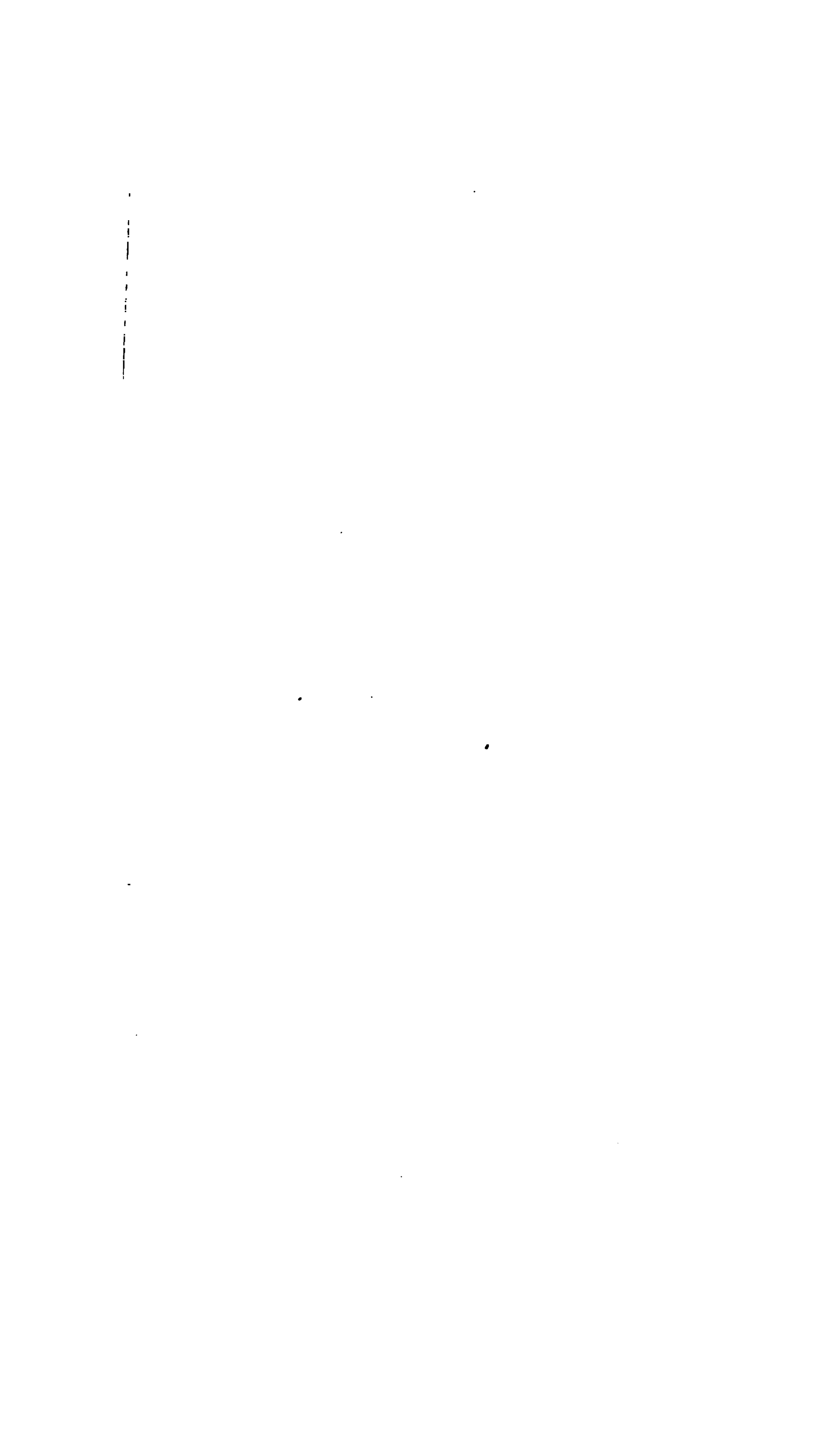












Lyra Germanica:

SECOND SERIES:

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.





Lyra Germanica:

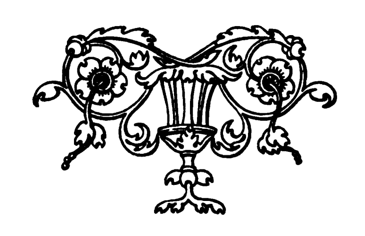
SECOND SERIES:

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.



TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.



LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS,
AND ROBERTS.
1858.





PREFACE.

THOSE who are beſt acquainted with the rich ſtores of German hymnology will feel the leaſt ſurpriſe at the appearance of a ſecond ſeries of Tranſlations from the ſame ſource. Many excellent and claſſical compoſitions were neceſſarily excluded from the plan of the former volume, which it was felt would ſtill be no leſs acceptable than thoſe already tranſlated, to Engliſh Chriſtians. In this ſeries therefore hymns are admitted of a more perſonal and individual character than in the former, hymns adapted to particular circumſtances or periods of life, and to peculiar ſtates of feeling. At the ſame time many will be found of ſufficiently comprehenſive import to be ſuited for congregational ſinging, and will be recognized by thoſe familiar with the ſervices of the German

Church as conſtantly uſed there in public worſhip, eſpecially thoſe on pages 145, 146, 170, and 68. The firſt of theſe indeed holds in Germany, with its fine old tune, much the ſame place as the Old Hundredth with us. The ſecond is remarkable as being, as far as we know, the only hymn of its author, a man of conſideration and wealth in Frankfort. It was publiſhed without his name, and as it immediately became popular it was aſcribed at firſt to Hugo Grotius, and other celebrated authors. The third is one of the well-known hymns of Joachim Neander, the moſt important hymn-writer of the German Reformed Church, whoſe productions are marked by great depth and tenderneſs of feeling.

Moſt of the hymns under the laſt two diviſions of this ſeries are popular in Proteſtant Germany in the trueſt ſenſe of the word, to be found in the well-worn hymn-books of every cottage home, or heard as the village funeral paſſes on to the "court of peace." It will be obſerved that one of the hymns for the burial of the dead bears the name of Michael Weiſs, and that ſome others are deſignated as belonging to the Bohemian Brethren. Theſe are productions of that ancient Church which

existed in Bohemia from the first introduction of Christianity into that country by two Greek monks of the eighth century. In the eleventh century it formed itself into a separate community, distinguished from the Roman Church in Bohemia, among other things, by the celebration of public worship according to the native ritual and in the vulgar tongue. After suffering bitter persecutions under various Popes, in one of which John Huss was burnt in 1415, in 1453 its remaining members, including men of all classes, withdrew to a district assigned to them on the borders of Silesia and Moravia, where we find them, fifty years later, numbering about two hundred congregations, under the name of Brethren or United Brethren. But here too fierce persecutions followed them; their countrymen were incited from the pulpits to hunt them down like wild beasts; and in 1508, despairing of peace at home, they sent out four messengers to search whether anywhere a Christian people might be found, serving Christ truly, into whose communion they might ask admission. One of these brethren went to Russia, one to Greece, one to Bulgaria, and one to Palestine and Egypt; but they all returned unsuccessful, no such Christian people had they found. Two more

were then ſent to the Waldenſes in France and Italy, but they too brought back nothing but admonitions to patience and ſteadfaſtneſs. The Brethren therefore remained in their own country, and occupied themſelves in printing the Bible, no fewer than three editions having been publiſhed in Bohemian before the Reformation. The dawn of that great event filled them with joy, and in 1522 they ſent two meſſengers to Luther to greet him and aſk his advice, one of whom was Michael Weiſs. In 1531 Michael Weiſs publiſhed the hymns of the Bohemian Brethren tranſlated into German, with the addition of ſeveral of his own. They paſſed through many editions, and ſome of them were introduced into Luther's hymn-book. They have great warmth of feeling, and directneſs of expreſſion, often with intricate metres, and are marked by frequent pathetic reference to the troubles of this Church, and by a ſtrong ſenſe of the living union of Chriſtians with each other and their Head. The ſubſequent ſettlement of the ſmall remnant of this Church on Count Zinzendorf's eſtates in Saxony, and its rapid growth and ſpread into other countries are well known. That the ſpirit of Chriſtian poetry ſtill lives among them in modern times is proved

by the names of Zinzendorf, Chriſtian Gregor, L. von Hayn, Spangenberg, and Albertini.*

As the object of this work is chiefly devotional, the hymns are arranged according to their ſubjects, not in chronological order, and have been ſelected for their warmth of feeling and depth of Chriſtian experience, rather than as ſpecimens of a particular maſter or ſchool. Still it is believed that theſe two ſeries afford on the whole fair examples of moſt of the principal writers, not of courſe without omiſſions, ſince only about two hundred and twenty hymns are given from a literature containing ſeveral thouſands. Of Luther none are given in this ſeries, (unleſs that hymn known as "Queen Maria of Hungary's ſong" were written by him for that princeſs,) for thoſe productions of his which no collection of German hymns could omit, had been already inſerted in the previous volume, and there ſeemed the leſs neceſſity for introducing any of minor importance, as all his hymns are acceſſible to the Engliſh reader in the excellent tranſlation of Mr. Maſſie.†

* See Bunſen's larger Geſangbuch, and Sketch of the Hiſtory of the Church of the United Brethren by James Montgomery.

† Spiritual Songs of Luther, tranſlated by R. Maſſie, Eſq.

The writers perhaps the leaſt fully repreſented, are Gellert, Klopſtock, and others of the middle and latter half of the laſt century, whoſe productions conſtitute a large proportion of moſt of the collections made fifty or ſixty years ago. But theſe hymns are, for the moſt part, either of a purely reflective or didactic character, or in very many inſtances are merely verſions of more ancient hymns, ſmoothed down to a dead level of tame correctneſs in form, and robbed of their original fervour and ſtrength. Gellert, however, appreciated the characteriſtic excellences of the ancient hymns, and his own have high merit, as leſſons of Chriſtian duty, or paraphraſes of Scripture, expreſſed in ſimple, clear, and unaffected verſe, ſometimes with much true poetic feeling. Yet while they thus ſupplied a want among the hymns of his country,—which, during the laſt century eſpecially, had loſt that direct application to real life which makes a hymn ſpeak to the hearts of all,—and have therefore become very popular in Germany, yet for the ſame reaſon they more nearly reſemble what we already poſſeſs in our own language.

There is a very large ſchool of hymn-writers ſpringing up in Germany at the preſent day, whoſe works are diſtinguiſhed by much thought-

ful feeling and great fluency and ſweetneſs of expreſſion. In general, however, theſe hymns are ſuited rather to private reading, than congregational ſinging; the length of the lines, and the reflective tone of thought, deprive them of that ſtrength and ſimple grandeur which many of the older hymns poſſeſs. Specimens are given here from Spitta, Puchta, Knapp, Henſel, and others; thoſe hymns to which no dates are affixed being written by authors living or very recently deceaſed.

The hymns in this ſeries have been choſen from various ſources, moſt of them being ſuch as would be found in any ſtandard collection. The greater number, however, are taken from Bunſen's "Verſuch eines allgemeinen Geſang und Gebet buchs," a collection diſtinguiſhed above moſt others by its wide range of Chriſtian experience and ſympathy, and the poetic merit of the verſions it gives. The ſhort notices prefixed to ſome of theſe hymns are derived from the ſame ſource.

One or two verſes have been omitted in ſeveral of the hymns, for in many inſtances even fine hymns are weakened by repetition, or disfigured by verſes of decidedly inferior merits; this is eſpecially the caſe with Paul

Gerhardt, notwithſtanding the remarkable beauty of his works. The original metre has been almoſt invariably maintained; in ſome hymns metres ſtrange to our ears have been preſerved with care for the ſake of the fine chorales attached to them.

Alderley Edge,
May 19th, 1858.

*** From the frequent inquiries received from clergymen and others for tunes adapted to theſe hymns, it has been determined to bring out an edition of the work, containing ſome of the fine old German chorales to which in their own country they are ſung by vaſt congregations, arranged for uſe in choirs and families.



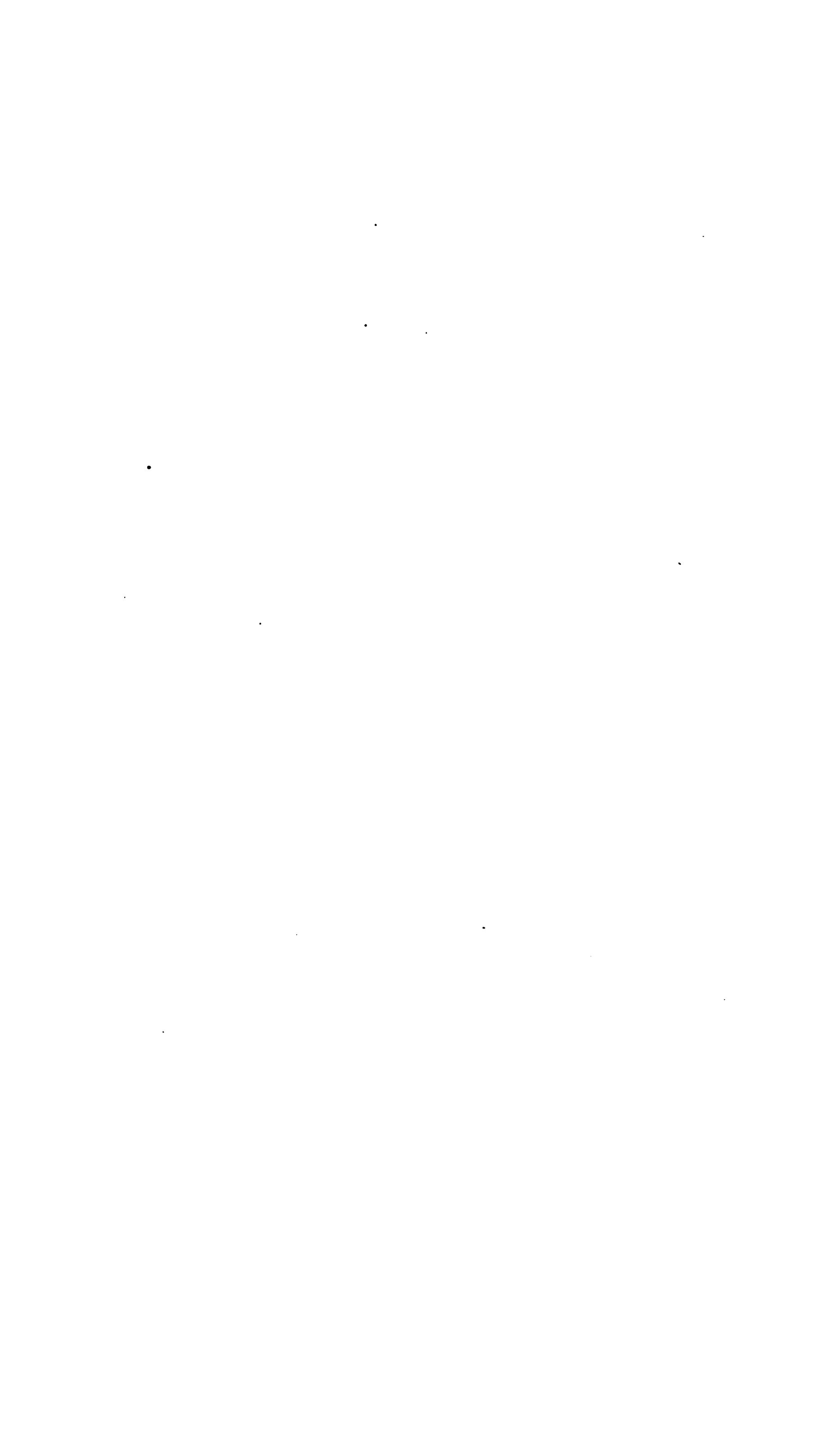
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LYRA GERMANICA.







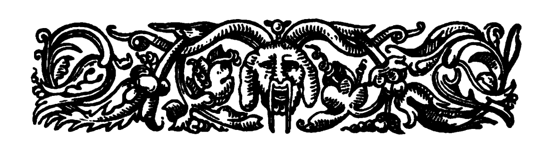
PART I.

AIDS OF THE CHURCH.

I. HOLY SEASONS.

II. SERVICES.





Holy Seasons.

ADVENT.

I.

The Dayspring from on High.



E heavens, oh haſte your dews to ſhed,
Ye clouds, rain gladneſs on our head,
Thou earth, behold the time of grace,
And bloſſom forth in righteouſneſs!

O living Sun, with joy break forth,
And pierce the gloomy clefts of earth;
Behold, the mountains melt away
Like wax beneath thine ardent ray!

O Life-dew of the Churches, come,
And bid this arid deſert bloom!
The ſorrows of Thy people ſee,
And take our human fleſh on Thee.

Refreſh the parch'd and drooping mind,
The broken limb in mercy bind,

Us ſinners from our guilt releaſe,
And fill us with Thy heavenly peace.

O wonder! night no more is night!
Comes then at laſt the long'd-for light?
Ah yes, Thou ſhineſt, O true Sun,
In whom are God and man made one!

J. Franck. 1653.

II.

The Deliverer.

ARISE, the kingdom is at hand,
The King is drawing nigh;
Ariſe with joy, thou faithful band,
To meet the Lord moſt high!
Ye Chriſtians, haſten forth,
With holy ardours greet your King,
And glad Hoſannas to Him ſing,
Nought elſe your love is worth.

Look up, ye drooping hearts, to-day!
The King is very near,
Oh caſt your griefs and fears away,
For lo! your Help is here;
And comfort rich and ſweet
In many a place for us is ſtored,
Where in His ſacraments and word
Our Saviour we can meet.

Look up, ye ſouls weigh'd down with care!
The Sovereign is not far.

Look up, faint hearts, from your defpair,
Behold the Morning Star!
The Lord is with us now,
Who fhall the finking fpirit feed
With ftrength and comfort at its need,
To whom e'en Death fhall bow.

Hope, O ye broken hearts, at laft!
The King comes on in might,
He loved us in the ages past
When we fat wrapp'd in night;
Now are our forrows o'er,
And fear and wrath to joy give place,
Since God hath made us in His grace
His children evermore.

O rich the gifts Thou bringeft us,
Thyfelf made poor and weak;
O love beyond compare that thus
Can foes and finners feek!
For this to Thee alone
We raife on high a gladfome voice,
And evermore with thanks rejoice
Before Thy glorious throne.

RIST. 1651.

III.

The Heart longing for the inner Advent.

WHEREFORE doſt Thou longer tarry,
Bleſſed of the Lord, afar?
Would it were Thy will to enter
To my heart, O Thou my Star,
Thou my Jeſus, Fount of power,
Helper in the needful hour!
Sharpeſt wounds my heart is feeling,
Touch them, Saviour, with Thy healing!

For I ſhrink beneath the terrors
Of the law's tremendous ſway;
All my countleſs crimes and errors
Stand before me night and day.
Oh the heavy, fearful load
Of the righteous wrath of God!
Oh the awful voice of thunder
Cleaving heart and ſoul aſunder!

While the foe my ſoul is telling,
"There is grace no more for thee,
Thou muſt make thy endleſs dwelling
In the pains that torture me."
Yes, and keener ſtill thy ſmart,
Conſcience, in my anguiſhed heart,
By thy venomed tooth tormented,
Long-paſt ſins are ſore repented.

Would I then, to soothe my sorrow
And my pain awhile forget,
From the world a comfort borrow,
I but sink the deeper yet;
She hath comforts that but grieve,
Joys that stinging memories leave,
Helpers that my heart are breaking,
Friends that do but mock its aching.

All the world can give is cheating,
Strengthless all, and merely nought;
Have I greatness, it is fleeting;
Have I riches, are they aught
But a heap of glittering earth?
Pleasure? Little is it worth
When it brings no joy or laughter
That thou wilt not rue hereafter.

All delight, all consolation
Lies in Thee, Lord Jesus Christ,
Feed my soul with Thy salvation,
O Thou Bread of Life unpriced.
Blessed Light, within me glow,
Ere my heart breaks in its woe;
Oh refresh me and uphold me,
Jesus, come, let me behold Thee.

Joy, my soul, for He hath heard thee,
He will come and enter in;
Lo! He turns and draweth toward thee,
Let thy welcome-song begin;

Oh prepare thee for ſuch gueſt,
Give thee wholly to thy reſt,
With an open'd heart adore Him,
Pour thy griefs and fears before Him.

Thy miſdeeds are thine no longer,
He hath caſt them in the ſea,
And the love of God ſhall conquer
All the ſtrength of ſin in thee.
Chriſt is victor in the field,
Mightieſt wrong to Him muſt yield,
He with bleſſing will exalt thee
O'er whate'er would here aſſault thee.

What would ſeem to hurt or ſhame thee
Shall but work thy good at laſt;
Since that Chriſt hath deign'd to claim thee,
And His truth ſtands ever faſt;
And if thine can but endure,
There is nought ſo fixed and ſure,
As that thou ſhalt hymn His praiſes
In the happy heavenly places.

GERHARDT. 1653.

IV.

The New Year..

COMPOSED on his journey to Gotha after his unjuſt expulſion from Erfurt; as we are told in the oration delivered at his grave, "in the full experience of the unſpeakable conſolations of the Holy Spirit."

THANK God that towards eternity
Another ſtep is won!
Oh longing turns my heart to Thee
As time flows ſlowly on,
Thou Fountain whence my life is born,
Whence thoſe rich ſtreams of grace are drawn
That through my being run!

I count the hours, the days, the years,
That ſtretch in tedious line,
Until, O Life, that hour appears,
When, at Thy touch divine,
Whate'er is mortal now in me
Shall be conſumed for aye in Thee,
And deathleſs life be mine.

So glows Thy love within this frame,
That, touch'd with keeneſt fire,
My whole ſoul kindles in the flame
Of one intenſe deſire,
To be in Thee, and Thou in me,
And e'en while yet on earth to be
Still preſſing cloſer, nigher!

Oh that I ſoon might Thee behold!
I count the moments o'er;
Ah come, ere yet my heart grows cold
And cannot call Thee more!
Come in Thy glory, for Thy Bride
Hath girt her for the holy-tide,
And waiteth at the door.

And ſince Thy Spirit ſheds abroad
The oil of grace in me,
And Thou art inly near me, Lord,
And I am loſt in Thee,
So ſhines in me the Living Light,
And ſteadfaſt burns my lamp and bright,
To greet Thee joyouſly.

Come! is the voice, then, of Thy Bride,
She loudly prays Thee come!
With faithful heart ſhe long hath cried,
Come quickly, Jeſus, come!
Come, O my Bridegroom, Lamb of God,
Thou knoweſt I am Thine, my Lord;
Come down and take me home.

Yet be the hour that none can tell
Left wholly to Thy choice,
Although I know Thou lov'ſt it well,
That I with heart and voice
Should bid Thee come, and from this day
Care but to meet Thee on Thy way,
And at Thy ſight rejoice!

I joy that from Thy love divine
No power can part me now,
That I may dare to call Thee mine,
My Friend, my Lord, avow,
That I, O Prince of Life, ſhall be
Made wholly one in heaven with Thee,
My portion, Lord, art Thou!

And therefore do my thanks o'erflow,
That one more year is gone,
And of this Time, ſo poor, ſo ſlow,
Another ſtep is won;
And, with a heart that may not wait,
Toward yonder diſtant golden gate
I journey gladly on.

And when the wearied hands grow weak,
And wearied knees give way,
To ſinking faith, oh quickly ſpeak,
And make Thine arm my ſtay;
That ſo my heart drink in new ſtrength,
And I ſpeed on, nor feel the length
Nor ſteepneſs of the way.

Then on, my ſoul, with fearleſs faith,
Let nought thy terror move;
Nor aught that earthly pleaſure ſaith
E'er tempt thy ſteps to rove;
If ſlow thy courſe ſeem o'er the waſte,
Mount upwards with the eagles' haſte,
On wings of tireleſs love.

O Jesus, all my soul hath flown
Already up to Thee,
For Thou, in whom is love alone,
Hast wholly conquer'd me.
Farewell ye phantoms, day and year,
Eternity is round me here,
Since, Lord, I live in Thee.

A. H. FRANCKE. 1691.



CHRISTMAS.

I.

A Song of Joy at Dawn.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweeteſt angel voices;
" Chriſt is born," their choirs are ſinging,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

For it dawns,—the promiſed morrow
Of His birth
Who the earth
Reſcues from her ſorrow.
God to wear our form deſcendeth,
Of His grace
To our race
Here His Son He lendeth

Yea, ſo truly for us careth,
That His Son
All we've done
As our offering beareth;
As our Lamb who, dying for us,

Bears our load,
And to God
Doth in peace reſtore us.

Hark ! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and ſweet,
Doth entreat,
" Flee from woe and danger ;
Brethren come, from all doth grieve you
You are freed,
All you need
I will ſurely give you."

Come then, let us haſten yonder ;
Here let all,
Great and ſmall,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning ;
Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning !

Ye who pine in weary ſadneſs,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladneſs.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no croſs
Pain or loſs,
Can again betide you.

Hither come, ye heavy-hearted ;
Who for ſin
Deep within,

Long and ſore have ſmarted;
For the poiſon'd wounds you're feeling
Help is near,
One is here
Mighty for their healing!

Hither come, ye poor and wretched;
Know His will
Is to fill
Every hand outſtretched;
Here are riches without meaſure,
Here forget
All regret,
Fill your hearts with treaſure.

Bleſſed Saviour, let me find Thee!
Keep Thou me
Cloſe to Thee,
Caſt me not behind Thee!
Life of life, my heart Thou ſtilleſt,
Calm I reſt
On Thy breaſt,
All this void Thou filleſt.

Heedfully my Lord I'll cheriſh,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, ſhall not periſh;
But ſhall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1651.

II.

We love Him for He first loved Us.

THOU fairest Child Divine,
In yonder manger laid,
In whom is God Himself well pleased,
By whom were all things made,
On me art Thou bestow'd;
How can such wonders be!
The dearest that the Father hath
He gives me here in Thee!

I was a foe to God,
I fought in Satan's host,
I trifled all His grace away,
Alas! my soul was lost.
Yet God forgets my sin,
His heart, with pity moved,
He gives me, Heavenly Child, in Thee;
Lo! thus our God hath loved!

Once blind with sin and self,
Along the treacherous way,
That ends in ruin at the last,
I hasten'd far astray;
Then God sent down His Son;
For with a love most deep,
Most undeserved, His heart still yearn'd
O'er me, poor wandering sheep!

God with His life of love
  To me was far and ſtrange,
My heart clung only to the world
  Of ſight and ſenſe and change;
In Thee, Immanuel,
  Are God and man made one;
In Thee my heart hath peace with God,
  And union in the Son.

Oh ponder this, my ſoul,
  Our God hath loved us thus,
That even His only deareſt Son
  He freely giveth us.
Thou precious gift of God,
  The pledge and bond of love,
With thankful heart I kneel to take
  This treaſure from above.

I kneel beſide Thy couch,
  I preſs Thee to my heart,
For Thee I gladly all forſake
  And from the creature part:
Thou priceleſs Pearl! lo, he
  By whom Thou'rt loved and known,
Will give himſelf and all he hath
  To win Thee for his own.

Oh come, Thou Bleſſed Child,
  Thou Saviour of my ſoul,
For ever bound to Thee, my name
  Among Thy hoſt enrol.

Oh deign to take my heart,
And let Thy heart be mine,
That all my love flow out to Thee,
And lofe itfelf in Thine.

Tersteegen. 1731.

III.

God with Us.

O BLESSED Jefus! This
Thy lowly manger is
The Paradife where oft my foul would feed:
Here is the place, my Lord,
Where lies the Eternal Word
Clothed with our flefh, made like to us indeed.

For He whofe mighty fway
The winds and feas obey,
Submits to ferve, and ftoops to thofe who fin;
The glorious Son of God
Doth bear the mortal load
Of earth and duft, like us and all our kin.

For thus, O Good Supreme,
Wilt Thou our flefh redeem,
And raife it to Thy throne o'er every height:
Eternal Strength, here Thou
To brotherhood doft bow
With tranfient things that pafs like mifts of night.

Thy glory and Thy joy
All woe and grief deftroy;
Thou, Heavenly Treafure, doft all wealth reftore!
Thou deep and living Well!
Thou great Immanuel
Doft conquer fin and death for evermore!

Then come, whoe'er thou art,
O poor defponding heart,
Take courage now, let this thy fears difpel,
That fince His Son moft dear
Thy God hath given thee here,
It cannot be but God doth love thee well.

How often doft thou think
That thou muft furely fink,
That hope and comfort are no more for thee;
Come hither then and gaze
Upon this Infant's face,
And here the love of God incarnate fee.

Ah now the bleffed door
Stands open evermore
To all the joys of this world and the next:
This Babe will be our Friend,
And quickly make an end
Of all that faithful hearts long time hath vex'd.

Then, earth, we care no more
To feek thy richeft ftore,
If but this treafure will be ftill our own;
And he who holds it faft,
Till all this life is paft,
Our Lord will crown with joy before His throne.

Paul Gerhardt.

EPIPHANY.

I.

The King of Men.



O KING of Glory! David's Son!
Our Sovereign and our Friend!
In Heaven for ever ſtands Thy throne,
Thy kingdom hath no end:
Oh now to all men, far and near,
Lord, make it known, we pray,
That as in heaven all creatures here
May know Thee and obey.

The Eaſtern ſages gladly bring
Their tribute-gifts to Thee;
They witneſs that Thou art their King,
And humbly bow the knee;
To Thee the Morning Star doth lead,
To Thee th' inſpired Word,
We hail Thee, Saviour, in our need,
We worſhip Thee, the Lord.

Ah look on me with pitying grace,
Though I am weak and poor,
Within Thy kingdom grant me place
To dwell there bleſt and ſure.

Oh refcue me from all my woes,
And fhield me with Thine arm
From Sin and Death, the mighty foes
That daily feek our harm.

And bid Thy Word, the faireft Star,
Within us clearly fhine;
Keep fin and all falfe doctrine far,
Since Thou haft claim'd us Thine.
Let us Thy name aright confefs,
And with Thy Chriftendom,
Our King and Saviour own and blefs
Through all the world to come.

BEHEMB. 1606.

II.

The Light of the World.


CHRIST, our true and only Light,
Illumine thofe who fit in night,
Let thofe afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The fouls now loft in error's maze,
And all whom in their fecret minds
Some dark delufion hurts and blinds.

And all who elfe have ftray'd from Thee,
Oh gently feek! Thy healing be

To every wounded confcience given,
And let them alfo fhare Thy heaven.

Oh make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to fpeak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though fecretly they hold it now.

Shine on the darken'd and the cold,
Recal the wanderers from Thy fold,
Unite thofe now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endlefs praife to thee be given
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

J. Heermann. 1630.

III.

Forsaking all for the True Light.

IS thy heart athirft to know
That the King of heaven and earth
Deigns to dwell with man below,
Yea, hath ftoop'd to mortal birth?
Search the Word with ceafelefs care
Till thou find this treafure there.

With the ſages from afar
  Journey on o'er ſea and land,
Till thou ſee the Morning Star
  O'er thy heart unchanging ſtand,
Then ſhalt thou behold His face
Full of mercy, truth and grace.

For if Chriſt be born within,
  Soon that likeneſs ſhall appear
Which the heart had loſt through ſin,
  God's own image fair and clear,
And the ſoul ſerene and bright
Mirrors back His heavenly light.

Jeſus, let me ſeek for nought
  But that Thou ſhouldſt dwell in me;
Let this only fill my thought,
  How I may grow liker Thee,
Through this earthly care and ſtrife,
Through the calm eternal life.

With the wiſe who know Thee right,
  Though the world accounts them fools,
I will praiſe Thee day and night,
  I will order by Thy rules
All my life, that it may be
Fill'd with praiſe and love of Thee.

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI. 1700.

IV.

Christ our Example.

EVER would I fain be reading
In the ancient holy Book,
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.

How when children came He bleſs'd them,
Suffer'd no man to reprove,
Took them in His arms, and preſs'd them
To His heart with words of love.

How to all the ſick and tearful
Help was ever gladly ſhown;
How He ſought the poor and fearful,
Call'd them brothers and His own.

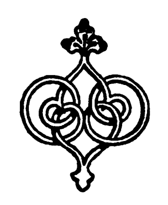
How no contrite ſoul e'er ſought Him,
And was bidden to depart,
How with gentle words He taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.

Still I read the ancient ſtory,
And my joy is ever new,
How for us He left His glory,
How He ſtill is kind and true.

How the flock He gently leadeth
  Whom His Father gave Him here;
How His arms He widely ſpreadeth
  To His heart to draw us near.

Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
  Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love adore Thee,
  Bleſt in Thee 'mid joy or woe!

Luise Hensel.



PASSION WEEK.

I.

In the Garden.

WHENE'ER again thou ſinkeſt,
My heart, beneath thy load,
Or from the battle ſhrinkeſt,
And murmureſt at thy God;
Then I will lead thee hither,
To watch thy Saviour's prayer,
And learn from His endurance
How thou ſhouldſt alſo bear.

Oh come, wouldſt thou be like Him,
Thy Lord Divine, and mark
What ſharpeſt ſorrows ſtrike Him,
What anguiſh deep and dark,—
That earneſt cry to ſpare Him,
The trial ſcarce begun?
Yet ſtill he ſaith: "My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Oh wherefore doth His ſpirit
Such bitter conflict know?
What ſins, what crimes could merit
Such deep and awful woe?

So pure are not the heavens,
  So clear no noonday ſun,
And yet He ſaith: "My Father,
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Oh mark that night of ſorrow,
  That agony of prayer;
No friend can watch till morrow
  His grief to ſoothe and ſhare;
Oh where ſhall He find comfort?
  With God, with God alone;
And ſtill He ſaith: "My Father,
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Hath life for Him no gladneſs,
  No joy the light of day?
Can He, then, feel no ſadneſs,
  When heart and hope give way?
That cup of mortal anguiſh
  One bitter cry hath won,
That it might paſs: "Yet, Father,
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

And who the cup prepared Him,
  And who the poiſon gave?
'Twas one He loved enſnared Him,
  'Twas they He came to ſave.
Oh ſharpeſt pain, to ſuffer
  Betray'd and mock'd—alone;
Yet ſtill he ſaith: "My Father,
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

But what is joy or living,
  What treachery or death,
When all His work, His ſtriving,
  Seem hanging on His breath?
Oh can it ſtand without Him,
  That work but juſt begun?
Yet ſtill He ſaith: "My Father,
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

He ſpeaks; no more He ſhrinketh,
  Himſelf He offers up,
He ſees it all, yet drinketh
  For us that bitter cup,
He goes to meet the traitor,
  The croſs He will not ſhun,—
He ſaith: "I come, My Father,
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

My Saviour, I will never
  Forget Thy word of grace,
But ſtill repeat it ever,
  Through good and evil days;
And looking up to Heaven,
  Till all my race is run,
I'll humbly ſay: "My Father,
  Thy will, not mine, be done!"

W. Hey. 1828.

II.

At the Foot of the Cross.

OH, world! behold upon the tree
Thy Life is hanging now for thee,
Thy Saviour yields His dying breath;
The mighty Prince of glory now
For thee doth unrefifting bow
To cruel ftripes, to fcorn and death.

Draw near, O world, and mark Him well;
Behold the drops of blood that tell
How fore His conflict with the foe:
And hark! how from that noble heart,
Sigh after figh doth flowly ftart
From depths of yet unfathom'd woe.

Alas! my Saviour, who could dare
Bid Thee fuch bitter anguifh bear,
What evil heart entreat Thee thus?
For Thou art good, haft wronged none,
As we and ours too oft have done,
Thou haft not finn'd, dear Lord, like us.

I and my fins, that number more
Than yonder fands upon the fhore,
Have brought to pafs this agony.
'Tis I have caufed the floods of woe
That now Thy dying foul o'erflow,
And thofe fad hearts that watch by Thee.

'Tis I to whom thefe pains belong,
'Tis I fhould fuffer for my wrong,
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains;
Thy fcourge, Thy fetters, whatfoe'er
Thou beareft, 'tis my foul fhould bear,
For fhe hath well deferved fuch pains.

Yet Thou doft even for my fake
On Thee, in love, the burdens take
That weigh'd my fpirit to the ground:
Yes, Thou art made a curfe for me,
That I might yet be bleft through Thee;
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

To fave me from the monfter's power,
The Death that all things would devour,
Thyfelf into his jaws doft leap;
My death Thou takeft thus away,
And burieft in Thy grave for aye,
O love moft ftrangely true and deep!

From henceforth there is nought of mine
But I would feek to make it Thine,
Since all myfelf to Thee I owe.
Whate'er my utmoft powers can do,
To Thee to render fervice true,
Here at Thy feet I lay it low.

Ah! little have I, Lord, to give,
So poor, fo bafe the life I live,
But yet, till foul and body part,

This one thing I will do for Thee—
The woe, the death endured for me,
    I'll cherifh in my inmoft heart.

Thy crofs fhall be before my fight,
My hope, my joy, by day and night,
    Whate'er I do, where'er I rove;
And, gazing, I will gather thence
The form of fpotlefs innocence,
    The feal of faultlefs truth and love.

And from Thy forrows will I learn
How fiercely doth God's anger burn,
    How terribly His thunders roll,
How forely this our loving God
Can fmite with His avenging rod,
    How deep His floods o'erwhelm the foul.

And I will ftudy to adorn
My heart with meeknefs under fcorn,
    With gentle patience in diftrefs,
With faithful love, that yearning cleaves
To thofe o'er whom to death it grieves,
    Whofe fins its very foul opprefs.

When evil tongues with ftinging blame
Would caft difhonour on my name,
    I'll curb the paffions that upftart;
And take injuftice patiently,
And pardon, as Thou pardon'ft me,
    With an ungrudging generous heart.

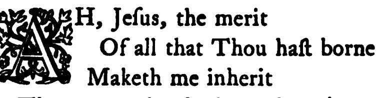
And I will nail me to Thy croſs,
And learn to count all things but droſs
Wherein the fleſh doth pleaſure take;
Whate'er is hateful in Thine eyes,
With all the ſtrength that in me lies,
Will I caſt from me and forſake.

Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter ſighs,
The tears that from Thy dying eyes
Were ſhed when Thou waſt ſore oppreſs'd,
Shall be with me, when at the laſt
Myſelf on Thee I wholly caſt,
And enter with Thee into reſt.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1659.

III.

Our Heritage.



AH, Jeſus, the merit
Of all that Thou haſt borne
Maketh me inherit
The crown that hath no thorn!

Ah then, teach me duly
To worſhip at Thy croſs,
Owning inly, truly,
The Love that bore our loſs.

There to ſin, oh let me
From henceforth daily die;
Nor in death forget me,
Then grant me life on high.

ANON.

IV.

Our Requital.

HIM on yonder croſs I love,
  Nought on earth I elſe count dear!
May He mine for ever prove,
  Who is now ſo inly near!
Here I ſtand: whate'er may come,
Days of ſunſhine or of gloom,
From this word I will not move;
Him upon the croſs I love!

'Tis not hidden from my heart,
  What true love muſt often bring;
Want and grief have ſoreſt ſmart,
  Care and ſcorn can ſharply ſting;
Nay, but if Thy will were ſuch,
Bittereſt death were not too much!
Dark though here my courſe may prove:
Him upon the croſs I love!

Rather ſorrows ſuch as theſe,
  Rather love's acuteſt pain,
Than without Him days of eaſe,
  Riches falſe and honours vain.
Count me ſtrange, when I am true,
What He hates I will not do;
Sneers no more my heart can move;
Him upon the croſs I love!

Know ye whence my ſtrength is drawn,
   Fearleſs thus the fight to wage?
Why my heart can laugh to ſcorn
   Fleſhly weakneſs, Satan's rage?
'Tis, I know the love of Chriſt,
Mighty is that love unpriced!
What can grieve me, what can move?
Him upon the croſs I love!

Once the eyes that now are dim,
   Shall diſcern the changeleſs love
That hath led us home to Him,
   That hath crown'd us far above:
Would to God that all below
What that love is now might know,
And their hearts this word approve:
Him upon the croſs I love!

GREDING. Born 1676.

V.

At the Sepulchre.

THOU, ſore-oppreſs'd,
   The Sabbath reſt
      In yon ſtill grave art keeping!
All Thy labour now is done,
   Paſt is all Thy weeping!

The ſtrife is o'er,
Nought hurts Thee more,

The heart at laſt hath ſlumber'd,
That in conflict ſore for us
Bore our ſins unnumber'd.

Thou awful tomb,
Once fill'd with gloom!
How bleſſed and how holy
Art thou now, ſince in the grave
Slept the Saviour lowly!

How calm and bleſt
The dead now reſt
Who in the Lord departed!
All their works do follow them,
Yea, they ſleep glad-hearted.

O lead us Thou,
To reſt e'en now,
With all who ſorely anguiſh'd
'Neath the burden of their ſins,
Long in woe have languiſh'd.

O Bleſſed Rock!
Soon grant Thy flock
To ſee Thy Sabbath morning!
Strife and pain will all be paſt
When that day is dawning.

VIKTOR STRAUSS.

VI.

Our Rest.

LORD Jefus, who our fouls to fave,
Didft reft and flumber in the grave,
Now grant us all in Thee to reft,
And here to live as feems Thee beft.

Give us the ftrength, the dauntlefs faith,
That Thou hast purchased with Thy death,
And lead us to that glorious place,
Where we fhall fee the Father's face.

O Lamb of God! who once waft flain,
We thank Thee for that bitter pain!
Let us partake Thy death that we
May enter into life with Thee!

GEORGE WERNER. 1638.



EASTER.

I.

The Song of Triumph.


HRIST the Lord is risen again!
Christ hath broken every chain!
Hark, the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah.

He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We too sing for joy, and say:
Hallelujah.

He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Hallelujah.

He whose path no records tell,
Who descended into hell,
Who the strong man arm'd hath bound,
Now in highest heaven is crown'd:
Hallelujah.

He who ſlumber'd in the grave,
Is exalted now to ſave;
Now through Chriſtendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings!
Hallelujah.

Now He bids us tell abroad,
How the loſt may be reſtored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Hallelujah.

Thou our Paſchal Lamb indeed,
Chriſt, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our ſins and guilt away,
Let us ſing by night and day,
Hallelujah.
BOHEMIAN BRETHREN.

II.

Christ our Champion.

ERE yet the dawn hath fill'd the ſkies
Behold my Saviour Chriſt ariſe,
He chaſeth from us ſin and night,
And brings us joy and life and light.
Hallelujah.

O ſtronger Thou than Death and Hell,
Where is the foe Thou canſt not quell

What heavy ſtone Thou canſt not roll
From off the priſon'd anguiſh'd ſoul?
Hallelujah.

If Jeſus lives, can I be ſad?
I know He loves me, and am glad;
Though all the world were dead to me,
Enough, O Chriſt, if I have Thee!
Hallelujah.

He feeds me, comforts and defends,
And when I die His angel ſends
To bear me whither He is gone,
For of His own He loſeth none.
Hallelujah.

No more to fear or grief I bow,
God and the angels love me now;
The joys prepared for me to-day
Drive fear and mourning far away;
Hallelujah.

Strong Champion! For this comfort ſee
The whole world brings her thanks to Thee;
And once we too ſhall raiſe above
More ſweet and loud the ſong we love;
Hallelujah.

J. Heermann. 1630.

III.

The whole World restored in Christ.

I SAY to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland,
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelm'd beneath the sea,
And every heart now light and brave
May face the things to be.

The way of darkness that He trod
To Heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His word
Shall reach His Father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his beloved ſleep,
A happier meeting ſhall reſtore
Their light to eyes that weep.

Now every heart each noble deed
With new reſolve may dare,
A glorious harveſt ſhall the ſeed
In happier regions bear.

He lives, His preſence hath not ceaſed,
Though foes and fears be riſe;
And thus we hail in Eaſter's feaſt
A world renew'd to life!

NOVALIS. 1772-1801.

IV.

The Resurrection from the Death of Sin.

O RISEN Lord! O conquering King!
O Life of all that live!
To-day that peace of Eaſter bring
Which only Thou canſt give!
Once death, our foe,
Had laid Thee low,
Now haſt Thou rent his bonds in twain,
Now art Thou riſen who once waſt ſlain!

The power of Thy great majeſty
Burſts rocks and tombs away,
Thy victory raiſes us with Thee
Into the glorious day;
Now Satan's might
And Death's dark night
Have loſt their power this bleſſed morn,
And we to higher life are born.

Oh that our hearts might inly know
Thy victory over death,
And gazing on Thy conflict glow
With eager dauntleſs faith;
Thy quenchleſs light,
Thy glorious might
Still comfortleſs and lonely leave
The ſoul that cannot yet believe.

Then break through our hard hearts Thy way,
O Jeſus, conquering King!
Kindle the lamp of faith to-day,
Teach our faint hearts to ſing
For joy at length,
That in Thy ſtrength
We too may riſe whom ſin had ſlain,
And Thine eternal reſt attain.

And when our tears for ſin o'erflow,
Do Thou in love draw near,
The precious gift of peace beſtow,
Shine on us bright and clear;

That ſo may we,
O Chriſt, from Thee
Drink in the life that cannot die,
And keep true Eaſter feaſts on high.

Yes, let us truly know within
Thy riſing from the dead;
And quit the grave of death and ſin,
And keep that gift, our Head,
That Thou didſt leave
For all who cleave
To Thee through all this earthly ſtrife,
So ſhall we enter into life.

J. H. Böhmer. 1706.

V.

The Walk to Emmaus.

SAD with longing, ſick with fears,
Two toward Emmaus ſlowly go,
And their eyes are dim with tears,
And their hearts oppreſs'd with wo,
Of their ruin'd hopes they talk;
Yet while thus they ſadly walk,
Jeſus is not far away,
And their fears ſhall ſoon allay.

Ah! and ſtill how many a heart
Onward toils in ſilent grief,
Mourning o'er its woes apart,
Hopeleſs now of all relief;

Oft it ſeeks to walk alone,
But to weep its fill unknown;
Yet my Jeſus cometh now,
Aſking, wherefore weepeſt thou?

Many a time I've felt indeed
  That He leaves me ne'er alone,
In the hour of utmoſt need
  Then Himſelf He maketh known;
When in ſorrow I conſume
As though He no more could come,
Lo! I find Him more than near,
Quickly with His help He's here.

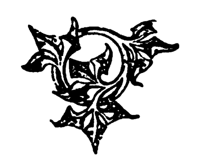
Trueſt Friend, who canſt not fail me,
  Evermore abide with me;
When the world would moſt aſſail me,
  Then Thy preſence let me ſee;
When its heavieſt thunders roll,
Shelter Thou my trembling ſoul,
Come and in my ſpirit reſt,
I will do what ſeems Thee beſt.

When I dread ſome coming ill,
  Lord, then bid me think of this,
That my Saviour loves me ſtill,
  And that I am ſurely His:
More of Thy word let me learn,
Till my heart within me burn,
Fill'd with love, and in Thy Light
Learn to know her Lord aright.

Comfort thoſe who, fill'd with gloom,
  Lonely on their journey go,
Or within their ſilent room
  Cry to Thee from depths of wo;
When they leave the world apart,
There to weep out all their heart,
Let them hear Thy whiſper mild;
Wherefore doſt thou mourn, my child?

When life's day hath fleeted by,
  When the night of death is near,
When in vain the darken'd eye
  Seeks ſome ſtay, ſome helper here:
Then Thy followers' prayer fulfil,
Then abide Thou with us ſtill,
Till Thou give us peace and reſt
Stay, O ſtay, Thou noble gueſt!

L. E. S. Müller.



ASCENSION.

I.

The Way opened.

TO-DAY our Lord went up on high,
And ſo our ſongs we raiſe;
To Him with ſtrong deſire we cry
To keep us in His grace,
For we poor ſinners here beneath
Are dwelling ſtill 'mid woe and death,
All hope in Him we place.
Hallelujah.

Thank God that now the way is made!
The cherub-guarded door,
Through Him on whom our help was laid,
Stands open evermore;
Who knoweth this is glad at heart,
And ſwift prepares him to depart
Where Chriſt is gone before.
Hallelujah.

Our heavenward courſe begins when we
Have found our Father, God,
And join us to His ſons, and flee
The paths that once we trod;
For He looks down, and they look up,

They feel His love, they live in hope,
Until they meet their Lord.
Hallelujah.

Then all the depths of joy that lie
In this day we ſhall know,
When we are made like Him on high,
Whom we confeſs below,
When bath'd in life's eternal flood
We dwell with Him, the higheſt Good:
God grant us this to know!
Hallelujah.

J. Zwick. 1538.

II.

Christ's Ascension the Ground of Ours.

SINCE Chriſt is gone to heaven, His home
I too muſt one day ſhare;
And in this hope I overcome
All anguiſh, all deſpair;
For where the Head is, well we know
The members He hath left below
In time He gathers there.

Since Chriſt hath reach'd His glorious throne
And mighty gifts are His,
My heart can reſt in heaven alone,
On earth my Lord I miſs,

I long to be with Him on high,
And heart and thoughts would hourly fly
Where now my treaſure is.

From Thy aſcenſion let ſuch grace,
My Lord, be found in me,
That ſteadfaſt faith may guide my ways
Unfaultering up to Thee,
And at Thy voice I may depart
With joy to dwell where Thou, Lord, art;
Oh grant this prayer to me!

JOSUA WEGELIN. 1636.

III.

The Kingdom of Christ.

CONQUERING Prince and Lord of glory!
Majeſty enthroned in light!
All the heavens are bow'd before Thee,
Far beyond them ſpreads Thy might;
Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
And my heart with rapture beat,
Now Thy glory is diſplay'd,
Thine ere yet the worlds were made?

Far and wide, Thou heavenly Sun,
Now Thy brightneſs ſtreams abroad,
And Heaven's hoſt anew hath won
Light and gladneſs from its Lord;

Hark, how yon unnumber'd throng
Welcome Thee with joyous ſong:
See, Thy children weak and few
Here would cry Hoſanna too.

Of Thy cup ſhall I not drink,
Now Thy glories o'er me ſhine?
Shall my courage ever ſink,
Now I know all power is Thine?
I will truſt Thee, O my King,
And will fear no earthly thing,
Henceforth will I bow the knee
To no ruler, ſave to Thee.

Power and Spirit now o'erflow,
On me alſo be they pour'd,
Till Thy laſt and mightieſt foe
Hath been made Thy footſtool, Lord;
Yea, let earth's remoteſt end
To Thy righteous ſceptre bend,
Make Thy way before Thee plain,
O'er all hearts and ſpirits reign.

Lo! Thy preſence filleth now
All Thy Church in every place,
To my heart, oh enter Thou,
See, it thirſteth for Thy grace;
Come, Thou King of glory, come,
Deign to make my heart Thy home,
There abide and rule alone,
As upon Thy heavenly throne!

Parting, doſt Thou bring Thy life,
  God and heaven, moſt inly near:
Let me riſe o'er earthly ſtriſe,
  As though ſtill I ſaw Thee here,
And my heart tranſplanted hence,
Strange to earth and time and ſenſe,
Dwell with Thee in heaven e'en now,
Where our only joy art Thou!

TERSTEEGEN. 1731.

IV.

The Throne of Grace.

MY Jeſus, if the ſeraphim,
  The burning hoſt that near Thee ſtand,
  Before Thy Majeſty are dim,
  And veil their face at Thy command;
How ſhall theſe mortal eyes of mine,
  Now dark with evil's hateful night,
  Endure to gaze upon the light
That aye ſurrounds that throne of Thine?

Yet grant the eye of faith, O Lord,
  To pierce within the Holy Place,
For I am ſaved and Thou adored,
  If I am quicken'd by Thy grace.
Behold, O King, before Thy throne
  My ſoul in lowly love doth bend,
  Oh ſhow Thyſelf her gracious Friend,
And ſay, "I chooſe thee for mine own."

Have mercy, Lord of love, for long
 My ſpirit for Thy mercy ſighs,
My inmoſt ſoul hath found a tongue,
 "Be merciful, O God," ſhe cries!
I know Thou wilt not bid me go,
 Thou canſt not be ungracious, Lord,
 To one for whom Thy blood was pour'd,
Whoſe guilt was cancell'd by Thy woe.

Here in Thy gracious hands I fall,
 To Thee I cling with faith's embrace,
O righteous Sovereign, hear my call,
 And turn, O turn, to me in grace!
For through Thy ſorrows I am juſt,
 And guilt no more in me is found,
 Thus reconciled, my ſoul is bound
To Thee in endleſs love and truſt.

And let Thy wiſdom be my guide,
 Nor take Thy light from me away,
Thy grace be ever at my ſide,
 That from the path I may not ſtray
That Thou doſt love, but evermore
 In ſteadfaſt faith my courſe fulfil,
 And keep Thy word, and do Thy will,
Thy love within, Thy heaven before!

Reach down and arm me with Thy hand,
 And ſtrengthen me with inner might,
That I through faith may ſtrive and ſtand
 Though craft and force againſt me fight:

So ſhall the kingdom of Thy love
  Be through me and within me ſpread,
  That honours Thee, our glorious Head,
And crowneth us in realms above.

Yes, yes, to Thee my ſoul would cleave,
  O chooſe it, Saviour, for Thy throne!
Couldſt Thou in love to me once leave
  The glory that was all Thine own,
So honour Thou my life and heart
  That Thou mayſt find a heaven in me,
  And when this houſe decay'd ſhall be,
Then grant the heaven where now Thou art.

To Thee I riſe in faith on high,
  Oh bend Thou down in love to me!
Let nothing rob me of this joy,
  That all my ſoul is fill'd with Thee;
As long as I have life and breath,
  Thee will I honour, fear, and love,
  And when this heart hath ceaſed to move,
Yet Love ſhall live and conquer death.

W. C. Dessler. 1692.



WHITSUNTIDE.

I.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.

HOLY Spirit, once again
Come, Thou true Eternal God!
Nor Thy power defcend in vain,
Make us ever Thine abode;
So fhall Spirit, joy, and light
Dwell in us, where all was night.

Pour into our heart and mind
Wifdom, counfel, truth, and love;
That we be to nought inclined,
Save what Thou mayft well approve;
Let Thy knowledge fpread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.

Guide us, Lord, from day to day,
Keep us in the paths of grace,
Clear all hindrances away
That might foil us in the race;
When we ftumble hear our call,
Work repentance for our fall.

Witnefs in our hearts that God
Counts us children through His Son,
That our Father's gentle rod
Smites us for our good alone,

So when tried, perplex'd, diftreft,
In His love we ftill may reft.

Quicken us to feek His face
  Freely, with a trufting heart,
In our prayers O breathe Thy grace,
  Go with us when we depart,
So fhall our requeft be heard,
And our faith to joy be ftirr'd.

And whene'er a yearning ftrong
  Preffes out the bitter cry,
Ah my God, how long, how long?
  Then O let me find Thee nigh,
And Thy words of healing balm
Bring me courage, patience, calm.

Spirit Thou of ftrength and power,
  Thou new Spirit God hath given,
Aid us in temptation's hour,
  Train and perfect us for heaven,
Arm us in the battle-field,
Leave us never there to yield.

Lord, preferve us in the faith,
  Suffer nought to drive us thence,
Neither Satan, fcorn, nor death;
  Be our God and our defence,
Though the flefh refift Thy will,
Let Thy word be ftronger ftill.

And when we at laſt muſt die,
Oh aſſure the ſinking heart
Of the glorious realm on high
Where Thou healeſt every ſmart,
Of the joys unſpeakable
Where our God would have us dwell.

ANON.

II.

The Spirit of Wisdom, Love, and Joy.

SWEETEST Joy the ſoul can know,
Faireſt Light was ever ſhed,
Who alike in joy or woe,
Leaveſt none unviſited;
Spirit of the Higheſt God,
Lord, from whom is life beſtow'd,
Who upholdeſt everything,
Hear me, hear me, while I ſing!

For the nobleſt gift Thou art
That a ſoul e'er ſought or won,
Have I wiſh'd Thee to my heart,
Then my wiſhing all is done;
Ah then yield Thee, nor refuſe
Here to dwell, for Thou didſt chooſe
This my heart, from e'en its birth,
For Thy temple here on earth.

Thou art ſhed like gentleſt ſhowers
From the Father and the Son,
Bringeſt to this earth of ours
Pureſt bleſſing from their throne;
Suffer then, O noble Gueſt,
That rich gift by Thee poſſeſt,
That Thou giveſt at Thy will
All my ſoul and fleſh to fill.

Thou art wiſe, before Thee ſtand
Hidden things unveil'd to Thee,
Counteſt up the grains of ſand,
Fathomeſt the deepeſt ſea,
And Thou knoweſt well how blind,
Dark, and crooked is my mind;
Give me wiſdom, in Thy light
Let me pleaſe my God aright.

Thou art holy, entereſt in
Where pure hearts Thy coming wait,
But Thou fleeſt ſhame and ſin,
Craft and falſehood Thou doſt hate;
Waſh me then, O Well of grace,
Every ſtain and ſpot efface,
Let me flee what Thou doſt flee,
Grant me what Thou lov'ſt to ſee.

Thou art loving, hateſt ſtrife,
As a lamb of patient mood,
Calm through all our reſtleſs life,
Even to ſinners kind and good;

Grant me, too, this noble mind,
To be calm and true and kind,
Loving every friend or foe,
Grieving none whom Thou doſt know.

Well contented is my heart,
  If but Thou reject me not;
If but Thou wilt ne'er depart,
  I am bleſt whate'er my lot;
Thine for ever make me now,
And to Thee, my Lord, I vow
Here and yonder to employ
Every power for Thee with joy.

Be my help when danger's nigh,
  When I ſink hold Thou me up,
Be my life when I muſt die,
  In the grave be Thou my hope;
Bring me when I riſe again
To the land that knows no pain,
Where Thy followers from Thy ſtream
Drink for ever joys ſupreme.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1653.

III.

The Unity of the Spirit.

THE Church of Christ that He hath hallow'd here
To be His house, is scatter'd far and near,
In North and South and East and West abroad,
And yet in earth and heaven, through Christ her Lord,
The Church is one.

One member knoweth not another here,
And yet their fellowship is true and near,
One is their Saviour, and their Father one,
One Spirit rules them, and among them none
Lives to himself.

They live to Him who bought them with His blood,
Baptized them with His Spirit pure and good,
And in true faith and ever-burning love
Their hearts and hope ascend to seek above
The eternal Good.

O Spirit of the Lord, all life is Thine,
Now fill Thy Church with life and power divine,
That many children may be born to Thee,
And spread Thy knowledge like the boundless sea,
To Christ's great praise.

A. G. Spangenberg. 1747.

IV.

The Strength of the Church.

ARK, the Church proclaims her honour
And her ſtrength is only this:
God hath laid His choice upon her,
And the work ſhe doth is His.

He His Church hath firmly founded,
He will guard what He began;
We, by ſin and foes ſurrounded,
Build her bulwarks as we can.

Frail and fleeting are our powers,
Short our days, our foreſight dim,
And we own the choice not ours,
We were choſen firſt by Him.

Onward then! for nought deſpairing,
Calm we follow at His word,
Thus through joy and ſorrow bearing
Faithful witneſs to our Lord.

Though we here muſt ſtrive with weakneſs,
Though in tears we often bend,
What His might began in meekneſs
Shall achieve a glorious end.

S. Preiswerk.

V.

The Diffusion of the Gospel.

SPREAD, oh ſpread, thou mighty Word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Whereſoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it ſtill,
How He ſent His Son to ſave
All who help and comfort crave.

Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who for ever doth remove
By His holy ſacrifice,
All the guilt that on us lies.

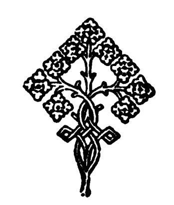
Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, juſt and true,
Working both to will and do.

Word of Life! moſt pure and ſtrong,
Lo! for Thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

Up, the ripening fields ye ſee,
Mighty ſhall the harveſt be,
But the reapers ſtill are few,
Great the work they have to do.

Lord of harveſt, let there be
Joy and ſtrength to work for Thee,
Let the nations far and near
See Thy Light, and learn Thy fear.

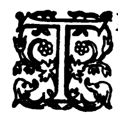
BAHNMAIER.



TRINITY.

I.

A Morning Hymn.

HEE Fount of bleſſing we adore!
Lo! we unlock our lips before
Thy Godhead's deep of holineſs,
Oh deign to hear us now and bleſs.

The Lord, the Maker, with us dwell,
In ſoul and body ſhield us well,
And guard us with His ſleepleſs might
From every ill by day and night.

The Lord, the Saviour, Light Divine,
Now cauſe His face on us to ſhine,
That ſeeing Him, with perfect faith
We truſt His love for life and death.

The Lord, the Comforter, be near,
Imprint His image deeply here,
From bonds of ſin and dread releaſe,
And give us His unchanging peace.

O Triune God! Thou vaſt abyſs!
Thou ever-flowing Fount of bliſs,
Flow through us, heart and ſoul and will
With endleſs praiſe and bleſſing fill!

TERSTEEGEN. 1731.

II.

The Father, Redeemer, Guide.

 Father-eye, that hath ſo truly watch'd,
O Father-hand, that hath ſo gently led,
O Father-heart, that by my prayer is
touch'd,
That loved me firſt when I was cold and dead:
Still do Thou lead me on with faithful care
The narrow path to heaven where I would go,
And train me for the life that waits me there,
Alike through love and loſs, through weal and wo.

O my Redeemer, who for me waſt ſlain,
Who bringeſt me forgiveneſs and releaſe,
Whoſe death has ranſom'd me to God again,
That now my heart can reſt in perfect peace;
Still more and more do Thou my ſoul redeem,
From every bondage ſet me wholly free,
Though Evil oft the mightieſt power may ſeem,
Still make me more than conqueror, Lord, in
Thee.

O Holy Spirit, who with gentleſt breath
Doſt teach to pray, doſt comfort or reprove,
Who giveſt us all joy and hope and faith,
Through whom we live at peace with God in love;

Still do Thou ſhed Thine influences abroad,
Let me the Father's image ever wear,
Make me a holy temple of my God,
Where dwells for ever calm adoring prayer!

SPITTA.

III.

An Evening Hymn.

TRUE mirror of the Godhead! Perfect Light!
Thou Three in One, whoſe never-ſlumbering might
Enfolds the world within its ſheltering wings,
And holds in being all created things!

We praiſe Thee with the earlieſt morning ray,
We praiſe Thee with the parting beam of day;
All things that live and move, by ſea and land,
For ever ready at Thy ſervice ſtand.

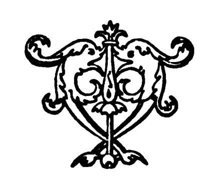
Exhauſtleſs Treaſure! Being limitleſs!
What gaze hath ever pierced Thy deep abyſs?
Deep Fount of Life! Light inacceſſible!
How great Thy power, O God, what tongue can tell?

Thy Chriſtendom is ſinging night and day,
"Glory to Him, the mighty God, for aye,

By Whom, through Whom, in Whom all beings are!
Grant us to echo on this ſong afar!

Thy Name is great, Thy kingdom in us dwell,
Thy will conſtrain and feed and guide us well;
Spare us, redeem us in the evil hour,
For Thine the glory, Thine the rule, the power.

I. FRANCK. 1653.





Services.

MORNING PRAYER.

I.

For the Sabbath Morning.

LIGHT of light enlighten me
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the ſhadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning,
With Thy joyous ſunſhine bleſt
Happy is my day of reſt!

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me,
Thou from earth my ſoul releaſe
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bleſs Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou doſt love.

Kindle Thou the ſacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the ſhadows from mine eyes

That, from every error flying,
No ftrange fire within me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, finging,
Rapt awhile from earth away
All my foul to Thee upfpringing,
Have a foretafte inly given
How they worfhip Thee in Heaven.

Reft in me and I in Thee,
Build a Paradife within me;
Oh reveal Thyfelf to me;
Bleffed Love, who diedft to win me;
Fed from Thine exhauftlefs urn
Pure and bright my lamp fhall burn.

Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come Thou glorious Majefty
Deign to fill this temple lowly,
Nought to-day my foul fhall move
Simply refting in Thy love.

B. SCHMOLCK. 1731.

II.

Before Public Worship.

BLESSED Jesus, at Thy word
  We are gather'd all to hear Thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirr'd
  Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
By Thy teachings sweet and holy
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

All our knowledge, sense, and sight
  Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
  With the beams of truth unclouded;
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
  Light of light from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
  Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading,
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises!

T. CLAUSNITZER. 1671.

III.

In Time of War and Persecution.

ONCE more the day-light ſhines abroad,
O Brethren let us praiſe the Lord,
Whoſe grace and mercy thus have kept
The nightly watch while we have ſlept.

To Him let us together pray
With one heart and one ſoul to-day,
That He would keep us in His love,
And all our guilt and ſin remove.

Eternal God! Almighty Friend,
Whoſe deep compaſſions have no end,
Whoſe never-failing ſtrength and might
Have kept us ſafely through the night:

Now ſend us from Thy heavenly throne
Thy grace and help through Chriſt Thy Son,
That with Thy ſtrength our hearts may glow,
And fear nor man nor ghoſtly foe.

Ah Lord God! hear us we implore!
Be Thou our Guardian evermore,
Our mighty Champion and our ſhield
Who goeth with us to the field.

We offer up ourſelves to Thee,
That heart and word and deed may be
In all things guided by Thy mind,
And in Thine eyes acceptance find.

Thus, Lord, we bring through Chriſt Thy Son
Our morning offering to Thy throne;
Now be Thy precious gift outpour'd,
And help us for Thine honour, Lord!

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN.

IV.

In Time of Distress.

WRITTEN DURING THE THIRTY YEARS WAR.

HEN anguiſh'd and perplex'd with many a ſigh and tear
I lift mine eyes up to Thy hills, and pour out all my woe,
Thou bendeſt down Thine ear,
And never from Thy face, my Lord, uncomforted I go.

My help and my defence come, faithful God, from Thee,
By Whom the heavens were fix'd, and earth's foundations laid;
Man cannot ſuccour me,
Before Thy throne alone we find our refuge and our aid.

Thou watcheſt that my foot ſhould neither ſlip
nor ſtray,
Thou guideſt me Thyſelf through all my dark and
troubled courſe,
Thou pointeſt me the way
Amid the ſnares of ſin and death, and this world's
craft and force.

Guardian of Iſrael! Thou doſt ſlumber not,
nor ſleep,
Thine eye is open day and night, ſtill watching over
thoſe
Who true allegiance keep
To Jeſus' banner of the Croſs, and bravely meet His
foes.

And when Thou bidd'ſt me leave this world of
ſtrife and pain,
Grant me in Thee a ſteadfaſt hope, and gentle quick
releaſe,
Knowing we riſe again
To dwell where death and war are not, in endleſs
joy and peace.

M. A. von Löwenstern.

V.

The Christian's Morning Sacrifice.

O THOU Moſt Higheſt! Guardian of mankind!
Supreme exhauſtleſs good Thou art!
To Thee I offer ſoul and heart:
Praiſe Him all creatures with your ſtrength and mind,
For He is kind!

Yes, Lord, 'tis of Thy power alone to-day
That ſtill I draw my living breath,
Thy grace preſerves me ſtill from death,
O Father-heart, rejećt me not, but ſtay
With me to-day.

O Iſrael's God, I bring Thee now my will,
That would be Thine whate'er it coſt,
Love Thy good gifts, yet love Thee moſt;
This is my prayer while yet the morn is ſtill,
Take Thou my will.

O Fount of grace, in love be Thou my guide,
Thine eye look down on me in power,
Whate'er I do or am each hour
Prepare me for th' eternal life, abide
Still at my ſide.

The ſoul and body Thou doſt hold in life,
Be ever ready in Thy fear
To fight for truth and juſtice here,
And truſting Thee to meet the final ſtrife,
For Thou art Life.

Bleſs all my works and ways, my light increaſe,
Order my doings for the beſt,
In all my toil be Thou my reſt,
Until at laſt I lay me down in peace
That cannot ceaſe.

JOACHIM NEANDER. 1679.

VI.

A Morning Song of Gladness.

AS a bird in meadows fair
Or in lonely foreſt ſings,
Till it fills the ſummer air
And the greenwood ſweetly rings,
So my heart to Thee would raiſe,
O my God, its ſong of praiſe
That the gloom of night is o'er
And I ſee the ſun once more.

If Thou, Sun of Love, ariſe,
All my heart with joy is ſtirr'd,
And to greet Thee upward flies
Gladſome as yon little bird.

Shine Thou in me clear and bright
Till I learn to praiſe Thee right;
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkneſs ſtray.

Bleſs to-day whate'er I do,
  Bleſs whate'er I have and love;
From the paths of virtue true
  Let me never never rove;
By Thy Spirit ſtrengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
Then an heir of life on high
Fearleſs I may live and die.

ANON. About 1580.

VII.

A Morning Prayer.

THE golden morn flames up the Eaſtern ſky,
  And what dark night had hid from every eye
  All-piercing day-light ſummons clear to view;
And all the foreſts, vale or plain or hill,
That ſlept in miſt enſhrouded, dark and ſtill,
  In gladſome light are glittering now anew.

Shine in my heart, and bring me joy and light,
Sun of my darken'd ſoul, diſpel its night,

And ſhed in it the truthful day abroad;
And all the many gloomy folds lay bare
Within this heart, that fain would learn to wear
The pure and glorious likeneſs of its Lord.

Glad with Thy light, and glowing with Thy love,
So let me ever ſpeak and think and move
As fits a ſoul new-touch'd with life from Heaven,
That ſeeks but ſo to order all her courſe
As moſt to ſhow the glory of that Source
By whom alone her ſtrength, her life are given.

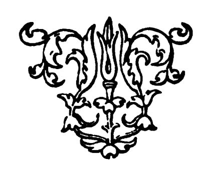
I aſk not, take away this weight of care;
No, for that love I pray that all can bear,
And for the faith that whatſoe'er befall
Muſt needs be good, and for my profit prove,
Since from my Father's heart moſt rich in love,
And from His bounteous hands it cometh all.

I aſk not that my courſe be calm and ſtill;
No, here too, Lord, be done Thy holy will;
I aſk but for a quiet childlike heart;
Though thronging cares and reſtleſs toil be mine,
Yet may my heart remain for ever Thine,
Draw it from earth, and fix it where Thou art.

I aſk Thee not to finiſh ſoon the ſtrife,
The toil, the trouble of this earthly life;
No, be my peace amid its grief and pain;
I pray not, grant me now Thy realm on high;
No, ere I die let me to evil die,
And through Thy croſs my ſins be wholly ſlain.

True Morning Sun of all my life, I pray
That not in vain Thou ſhine on me to-day,
  Be Thou my light when all around is gloom;
Thy brightneſs, hope, and courage on me ſhed,
That I may joy to ſee when life is fled
  The ſetting ſun that brings the pilgrim home.

SPITTA.



EVENING PRAYER.

I.

Trust in God.


HE night is come, wherein at laſt we reſt,
God order this and all things for the beſt!
Beneath His bleſſing fearleſs we may lie
Since He is nigh.

Drive evil thoughts and ſpirits far away,
O Maſter, watch o'er us till dawning day,
Body and ſoul alike from harm defend,
Thine angel ſend.

Let holy prayers and thoughts our lateſt be,
Let us awake with joy, ſtill cloſe to Thee,
In all ſerve Thee, in every deed and thought
Thy praiſe be ſought.

Give to the ſick as Thy beloved ſleep,
And help the captive, comfort thoſe who weep,
Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe,
Keep far our foe.

For we have none on whom for help to call,
Save Thee, O God in heaven, who car'ſt for all,
And wilt forſake them never day or night,
Who love Thee right.

Father, Thy Name be praiſed, Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home,
Keep us in life, forgive our ſins, deliver
Us now and ever! Amen.

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN.

II.

An Evening Thanksgiving.

SINK not yet, my ſoul, to ſlumber,
Wake, my heart, go forth and tell
All the mercies without number
That this by-gone day befell;
Tell how God hath kept afar
All things that againſt me war,
Hath upheld me and defended,
And His grace my ſoul befriended.

Father, merciful and holy,
Thee to-night I praiſe and bleſs,
Who to labour true and lowly
Granteſt ever meet ſucceſs;
Many a ſin and many a woe,
Many a fierce and ſubtle foe
Haſt Thou check'd, that once alarm'd me,
So that nought to-day has harm'd me.

Yes, our wiſdom vainly ponders,
Fathoms not Thy loving thought;

Never tongue can tell the wonders
  That each day for us are wrought;
So Thou'ſt guided me to-day
That no ill hath croſs'd my way,
There is neither bound nor meaſure
In Thy love's o'erflowing treaſure.

Now the light, that all things gladdens,
  And the pomp of day is gone,
And my heart is tired and ſaddens
  As the gloomy night comes on;
Ah then, with Thy changeleſs light
Warm and cheer my heart to-night,
As the ſhadows round me gather
Keep me cloſe to Thee, my Father.

Of Thy grace I pray Thee pardon
  All my ſins, and heal their ſmart;
Sore and heavy is their burden,
  Sharp their ſting within my heart;
And my foe lays many a ſnare
But to tempt me to deſpair,
Only Thou, dear Lord, canſt ſave me,
Let him not prevail to have me.

Have I e'er from Thee departed,
  Now I ſeek Thy face again,
And Thy Son, the loving-hearted,
  Made our peace through bitter pain.
Yes, far greater than our ſin,
Though it ſtill be ſtrong within,
Is the Love that fails us never,
Mercy that endures for ever.

Brightnefs of the eternal city!
  Light of every faithful foul!
Safe beneath Thy fheltering pity
  Let the tempefts paft me roll;
Now it darkens far and near,
Still, my God, ftill be Thou here;
Thou canft comfort, and Thou only,
When the night is long and lonely.

E'en the twilight now hath vanifh'd,
  Send Thy bleffing on my fleep,
Every fin and terror banifh'd,
  Let my reft be calm and deep.
Soul and body, mind and health,
Wife and children, houfe and wealth,
Friend and foe, the fick, the ftranger,
Keep Thou fafe from harm and danger.

Keep me fafe till morn is breaking,
  Nightly terrors drive Thou hence,
Let not ficknefs keep me waking;
  Sudden death and peftilence,
Fire and water, noife of war,
Keep Thou from my houfe afar;
Let me die not unrepented,
That my foul be not tormented.

O Thou mighty God, now hearken
  To the prayer Thy child hath made;
Jefus, while the night-hours darken
  Be Thou ftill my hope, my aid;

Holy Ghoſt, on Thee I call,
Friend and Comforter of all,
Hear my earneſt prayer, oh hear me!
Lord, Thou heareſt, Thou art near me.

J. Rist. 1642.

III.

In Sickness.

LORD, a whole long day of pain
Now at laſt is o'er!
Ah how much we can ſuſtain
I have felt once more;
Felt how frail are all our powers,
And how weak our truſt;
If Thou help not, theſe dark hours
Cruſh us to the duſt.

Could I face the coming night
If Thou wert not near?
Nay, without Thy love and might
I muſt ſink with fear:
Round me falls the evening gloom,
Sights and ſounds all ceaſe,
But within this narrow room
Night will bring no peace.

Other weary eyes may cloſe,
All things ſeek their ſleep,
Hither comes no ſoft repoſe,
I muſt wake and weep.

Come then, Jeſus, o'er me bend,
  Give me ſtrength to cope
With my pains, and gently ſend
  Thoughts of peace and hope.

Draw my weary heart away
  From this gloom and ſtrife,
And theſe fever pains allay
  With the dew of life;
Thou canſt calm the troubled mind,
  Thou its dread canſt ſtill,
Teach me to be all reſign'd
  To my Father's will.

Then if I muſt wake and weep
  All the long night through,
Thou the watch with me wilt keep,
  Friend and Guardian true;
In the darkneſs Thou wilt ſpeak
  Lovingly with me,
Though my heart may vainly ſeek
  Words to breathe to Thee.

Whereſoe'er my couch is made
  In Thy hands I lie,
And to Thee alone for aid
  Turns my reſtleſs eye,
Let my prayer grow weary never,
  Strengthen Thou th' oppress'd;
In Thy ſhadow, Lord, for ever
  Let me gently reſt.

HEINRICH PUCHTA.

IV.

For a Wakeful Night.

NOW darkneſs over all is ſpread,
No ſounds the ſtillneſs break,
Ah when ſhall theſe ſad hours be fled,
Am I alone awake?

Ah no, I do not wake alone,
Alone I do not ſleep,
Around me ever watcheth One
Who wakes with thoſe who weep.

On earth it is ſo dark and drear,
With Him ſo calm and bright,
The ſtars in ſolemn radiance clear
Shine there through all our night.

'Tis when the lights of earth are gone
The heavenly glories ſhine;
When other comfort I have none,
Thy comfort, Lord, is mine.

Be ſtill, my throbbing heart, be ſtill,
Caſt off thy weary load,
And make His holy will thy will,
And reſt upon thy God.

How many a time the night hath come,
Yet ſtill return'd the day;
How many a time thy croſs, thy gloom,
Ere now hath paſs'd away.

And theſe dark hours of anxious pain
That now oppreſs thee ſore,
I know will vaniſh ſoon again,
Then I ſhall fear no more:

For when the night hath laſted long,
We know the morn is near,
And when the trial's ſharp and ſtrong
Our Help ſhall ſoon appear.

PASTOR JOSEPHSEN.

V.

At the Close of the Sabbath.

ABIDE among us with Thy grace,
Lord Jeſus, evermore,
Nor let us e'er to ſin give place,
Nor grieve Him we adore.

Abide among us with Thy word,
Redeemer whom we love,
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.

Abide among us with Thy ray,
O Light that lighten'ſt all,

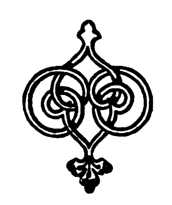
And let Thy truth preſerve our way,
Nor ſuffer us to fall.

Abide with us to bleſs us ſtill,
O bounteous Lord of peace;
With grace and power our ſouls fulfill,
Our faith and love increaſe.

Abide among us as our ſhield,
O Captain of Thy hoſt;
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forſake our poſt.

Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be,
Thy help at need, oh let us prove
And keep us true to Thee.

STEGMANN. 1630.



BAPTISM.

I.

The Command.

BLESSED Jeſus, here we ſtand,
Met to do as Thou haſt ſpoken,
And this child at Thy command
Now we bring to Thee, in token
That to Chriſt it here is given,
For of ſuch ſhall be His Heaven.

Yes, Thy warning voice is plain,
And we fain would keep it duly,
"He who is not born again,
Heart and life renewing truly,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Will My kingdom ne'er inherit."

Therefore haſten we to Thee,
Take the pledge we bring, oh take it!
Let us here Thy glory ſee,
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never,
Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

Turn the darkneſs into light,
To Thy grace receive and ſave it;

Heal the ſerpent's venomed bite,
In the font where now we lave it;
Let Thy Spirit pure and lowly
Baniſh thought or taint unholy.

Make it, Head, Thy member now,
Shepherd, take Thy lamb, and feed it,
Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou,
Way of life, to Heaven oh lead it,
Vine, this branch may nothing ſever,
Be it graft in Thee for ever.

Now upon Thy heart it lies,
What our hearts ſo dearly treaſure,
Heavenward lead our burden'd ſighs,
Pour Thy bleſſing without meaſure,
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of Heaven.

SCHMOLCK. 1672-1737.

II.

The Name.

O FATHER-HEART, who haſt created all
In wiſeſt love, we pray
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way,
Bend o'er it now with bleſſing fraught,
And make Thou ſomething out of nought,
O Father-heart!

O Son of God, who diedſt for us, behold
We bring our child to Thee,
Thou tender Shepherd take it to Thy fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend it through this earthly ſtrife,
And lead it on the path of life,
O Son of God!

O Holy Ghoſt, who broodeſt o'er the wave,
Deſcend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its ſpirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant it while yet a babe to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghoſt!

O Triune God, what Thou command'ſt is done,
We ſpeak, but Thine the might:
This child hath ſcarce yet ſeen our earthly ſun,
Yet pour on it Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God!

A. Knapp.

III.

The Blessing.

THY parents' arms now yield thee,
With love all glowing warm,
To Him who beſt can ſhield thee,
To that Eternal Arm
That all the heavens upholdeth,
And bids the dead ariſe,
That tender babes enfoldeth
And leads them toward the ſkies.

Waſh'd in the blood that guſhes
From out His wounded heart,
Wrapp'd in the peace that huſhes
All earthly grief and ſmart,
Go forth upon thy journey,
Grow up in ſtrength and age,
And ſeek with joy and wiſdom
Thy holy heritage.

Oh ſweet will ſound the voices
That hail thee from above,
Where heaven's bright hoſt rejoices
Before the Eternal Love;
" Now canſt thou wander never,
Now paſt is all thy ſtrife,
Oh bleſs the hour for ever
That call'd thee into life."

A. KNAPP.

IV.

For a Christian Child.

SEEING I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am
O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
Who provides me daily food,
And His lamb by name doth call,
For He knows and loves us all.

Guided by His gentle staff
Where the sunny pastures laugh,
I go in and out and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need;
When I thirst my feet He brings
To the fresh and living springs.

Must I not rejoice for this?
He is mine, and I am His,
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in His arms at last
He will bear me home to heaven;
Ah what joy hath Jesus given!

LUISE H. VON HAYM. 1724-1782.

V.

Renewal of the Vow.

I AM baptized into Thy name,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!
Among Thy ſeed a place I claim,
Among Thy conſecrated hoſt;
Buried with Chriſt, and dead to ſin,
Thy Spirit now ſhall live within.

My loving Father, here doſt Thou
Proclaim me as Thy child and heir;
My faithful Saviour bidd'ſt me now
The fruit of all Thy ſorrows ſhare;
Thou Holy Ghoſt wilt comfort me
When darkeſt clouds around I ſee.

And I have promised fear and love,
And to obey Thee, Lord, alone;
I felt Thy Spirit in me move,
And dared to pledge myſelf Thine own,
Renouncing ſin to keep the faith,
And war with evil to the death.

My faithful God, upon Thy ſide
This covenant ſtandeth faſt for aye,
If I tranſgreſs through fear or pride,
Oh caſt me therefore not away,

If I have sore my soul defiled,
Yet still forgive, restore Thy child.

I bring Thee here, my God, anew
  Of all I am or have the whole,
Quicken my life, and make me true,
  Take full possession of my soul,
Let nought within me, nought I own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.

Hence Prince of darkness, hence my foe!
  Another Lord hath purchased me!
My conscience tells of sin, yet know,
  Baptized in Christ I fear not thee!
Away vain World, Sin, leave me now,
I turn from you; God hears my vow.

And never let me waver more,
  O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Till at Thy will this life is o'er
  Still keep me in Thy faithful host,
So unto Thee I live and die
And praise Thee evermore on high.

RAMBACH. 1720.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

I.

The Preparation.

LORD Jeſus Chriſt, my faithful Shepherd,
hear!
Feed me with Thy grace, draw inly
near.
By Thee redeem'd, in Thee alone I live,
All I need 'tis Thou canſt give:
Kyrie Eleiſon!
Ah Lord, Thy timid ſheep now feed
With joy upon Thy heavenly mead,
Lead us to the cryſtal river
Whence our life is flowing ever:
Kyrie Eleiſon!

For Thou art calling all the toil-oppreſs'd,
All the weary to Thy reſt;
The pardon of their ſins is here beſtow'd,
Thou doſt free them from their load:
Kyrie Eleiſon!
Ah come, Thyſelf put forth Thine hand,
Unbind this heavy iron band,

Make me from my ſorrows free,
Give me ſtrength to follow Thee:
Kyrie Eleiſon!

Thou fain would'ſt heart and ſoul to Thee incline,
Take me from myſelf and make me Thine;
Thou art the Vine and I the branch, oh grant
I may grow in Thee a living plant:
Kyrie Eleiſon!
For nought but ſins I find in me,
Yet are they done away in Thee;
Mine are anguiſh, fear, unreſt,
But in Thee, Lord, I am bleſt:
Kyrie Eleiſon!

JOHANN HEERMANN. 1630.

II.

The Thanksgiving.

DECK thyſelf, my ſoul, with gladneſs,
Leave the gloomy haunts of ſadneſs,
Come into the daylight's ſplendour,
There with joy thy praiſes render
Unto Him, whoſe boundleſs grace
Grants thee at His feaſt a place;
He whom all the heavens obey
Deigns to dwell in thee to-day.

Haſten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
Who with words of life immortal
Now is knocking at thy portal;
Haſte to make for Him a way,
Caſt thee at His feet, and ſay:
Since, oh Lord, Thou com'ſt to me,
Never will I turn from Thee.

Ah how hungers all my ſpirit,
For the love I do not merit!
Ah how oft with ſighs faſt thronging
For this food have I been longing!
How have thirſted in the ſtrife
For this draught, O Prince of Life,
Wiſh'd, O Friend of man, to be
Ever one with God through Thee!

Here I ſink before Thee lowly,
Fill'd with joy moſt deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder;
On this banquet's myſtery,
On the depths we cannot ſee;
Far beyond all mortal ſight
Lie the ſecrets of Thy might.

Sun, who all my life doſt brighten,
Light, who doſt my ſoul enlighten,
Joy, the ſweeteſt man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth,

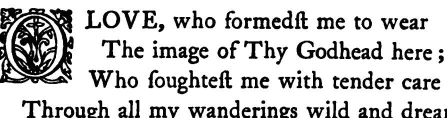
Here I fall before Thy feet,
Grant me worthily to eat
Of this blessed heavenly food,
To Thy praise, and to my good.

Jesus, Bread of Life from Heaven,
Never be Thou vainly given,
Nor I to my hurt invited ;
Be Thy love with love requited ;
Let me learn its depths indeed,
While on Thee my soul doth feed ;
Let me here so richly blest,
Be hereafter too Thy guest.

J. Frank. 1653.

III.

The exceeding great Love of our Master and only Saviour Jesus Christ.



LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who e'er life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;

O Love, who here as man waſt born
And wholly like to us waſt made;
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in Time waſt ſlain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wreſtling thus didſt gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, of whom is truth and light,
The Word and Spirit, life and power,
Whoſe heart was bared to them that ſmite,
To ſhield us in our trial hour;
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who thus hath bound me faſt,
Beneath that gentle yoke of Thine;
Love, who haſt conquer'd me at laſt
And rapt away this heart of mine;
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who loveſt me for aye,
Who for my ſoul doſt ever plead;
O Love, who didſt my ranſom pay,
Whoſe power ſufficeth in my ſtead,
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once ſhalt bid me riſe
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once o'er yonder ſkies
Shalt ſet me in the fadeleſs bowers:
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

ANGELUS. 1657.

IV.

The Christian Sacrifice.

NOW take my heart and all that is in me,
My Lord beloved, take it from me to Thee;
I would have Thine
This ſoul and fleſh of mine;
Would order thought and word and deed
As Thy moſt holy will ſhall lead.

Thou feedeſt me with heavenly bread and wine,
Thou poureſt through me ſtreams of life divine;
Oh noble Face,
So ſweet, ſo full of grace,
I ponder as Thy croſs I ſee,
How beſt to give myſelf to Thee.

Behold, through all the eternal ages, ſtill
My heart ſhall chooſe and love Thy holy will;
Would'ſt Thou my death,
I die to Thee in faith;
Would'ſt Thou that I ſhould longer live,
To Thee the choice I wholly give.

But Thou muſt alſo deign to be my own,
To dwell in me, to make my heart Thy throne,
My God indeed,
My Help in time of need,
My Head from whom no power can ſever,
The Bridegroom of my ſoul for ever!

ANGELUS. 1657.

V.

The Christian Fellowship.

JESUS whom Thy Church doth own
As her Head and King alone,
Bleſs me Thy poor member too;
And Thy Spirit's influence give
That to Thee henceforth I live,
Daily Thou my ſtrength renew.

Let Thy living Spirit flow
Through Thy members all below,
With its warmth and power divine;
Scatter'd far apart they dwell,
Yet in every land, full well,
Lord, Thou knoweſt who is Thine.

Thoſe who ſerve Thee I would ſerve,
Never from their union ſwerve,
Here I cry before Thy face:
Zion, God give thee good ſpeed,
Chriſt thy footſteps ever lead,
Make Thee ſteadfaſt in His ways!

Save her from the world her foe,
Satan do Thou ſoon o'erthrow,
 Caſt him down beneath her feet;
Through the Spirit ſlay within
Love of eaſe, the world, and ſin,
 Let her find Thee only ſweet.

Those o'er whom Thy billows roll
Strengthen Thou to leave their ſoul
 In Thy hands, for Thou art Love;
Make them through their bitter pain
Pure from pride and ſinful ſtain,
 Fix their hopes and hearts above.

Unto all Thyſelf impart,
Faſhion'd after Thine own heart
 Make Thy children like to Thee;
Humble, pure, and calm, and ſtill,
Loving, ſingle as Thy will,
 And as Thou would'ſt have them be.

And from thoſe I love, I pray,
Turn not, Lord, Thy face away,
 Hear me while for them I plead;
Be Thou their Eternal Friend,
Unto each due bleſſing ſend,
 For Thou knoweſt all they need.

Ah Lord, at this gracious hour
Viſit all their ſouls with power;
 Let Thy gladneſs in them ſhine;

Draw them with Thy love away
From vain pleaſures of a day,
Make them wholly ever Thine.

Dearly were we purchaſed, Lord,
When Thy blood for us was pour'd;
Think, O Chriſt, we are Thine own!
Hold me, guide me, as a child,
Through the battle, through the wild,
Leave me never more alone.

Till at laſt I meet on high
With the faithful hoſt who cry
Hallelujah night and day;
Pure from ſtain we there ſhall ſee
Thee in us, and us in Thee,
And be one in Thee for aye.

TERSTEEGEN. 1731.

VI.

The Remembrance.

OH how could I forget Him
Who ne'er forgetteth me?
Or tell the love that let Him
Come down to ſet me free?
I lay in darkeſt ſadneſs,
Till He made all things new,
And ſtill freſh love and gladneſs
Flow from that heart ſo true.

Oh how could I e'er leave Him
  Who is ſo kind a Friend?
Or how could ever grieve Him
  Who thus to me doth bend?
Have I not ſeen Him dying
  For us on yonder tree?
Do I not hear Him crying,
  Ariſe and follow Me!

For ever will I love Him
  Who ſaw my hopeleſs plight,
Who felt my ſorrows move Him,
  And brought me life and light;
Whoſe arm ſhall be around me
  When my laſt hour is come,
And ſuffer none to wound me,
  Though dark the paſſage home.

He gives me pledges holy,
  His body and His blood,
He lifts the ſcorn'd, the lowly,
  He makes my courage good,
For He will reign within me,
  And ſhed His graces there;
The heaven He died to win me
  Can I then fail to ſhare?

In joy and ſorrow ever
  Shine through me, Bleſſed Heart,
Who bleeding for us never
  Didſt ſhrink from ſoreſt ſmart!

Whate'er I've loved or ſtriven
Or borne, I bring to Thee;
Now let Thy heart and heaven
Stand open, Lord, to me!

KERN. Died 1835.

VII.

After Participation.

O LIVING Bread from Heaven,
How richly haſt Thou fed Thy gueſt!
The gifts Thou now haſt given
Have fill'd my heart with joy and reſt.
O wondrous food of bleſſing,
O cup that heals our woes,
My heart this gift poſſeſſing
In thankful ſong o'erflows;
For while the life and ſtrength in me
Were quicken'd by this food,
My ſoul hath gazed awhile on Thee,
O higheſt, only Good!

My Lord, Thou here haſt led me
Within Thy temple's holieſt place,
And there Thyſelf haſt fed me
With all the treaſures of Thy grace;
And Thou haſt freely given
What earth could never buy,
The bread of life from heaven,
That now I ſhall not die;

And Thou haſt ſuffer'd me in faith
To drink the bleſſed wine
That heals the ſoul from inner death,
And makes her wholly Thine.

Thou giveſt all I wanted,
The food whoſe power can death deſtroy,
And Thou haſt freely granted
The cup of full eternal joy;
Ah Lord, I do not merit
The favour Thou haſt ſhown,
And all my ſoul and ſpirit
Bow down before Thy throne;
Since Thou haſt ſuffer'd me to eat
The food of angels here,
Nor Sin, nor foes that I can meet,
Nor Death I now may fear.

O Love incomprehended!
That wrought in Thee, my Saviour, thus
That Thou ſhould'ſt have deſcended
From higheſt heaven to dwell with us!
Creator, that hath brought Thee
To ſuccour ſuch as I,
Who elſe had vainly ſought Thee!
Then grant me now to die
To ſin, and live alone to Thee,
That when this time is o'er,
Thy face, O Saviour, I may ſee
In heaven for evermore.

For as a ſhadow paſſes
I paſs, but Thou doſt ſtill endure;

I wither like the graſſes,
But Thou art rich, though I am poor;
Oh boundleſs is Thy kindneſs,
And righteous is Thy power;
And I in ſinful blindneſs
Am erring hour by hour,
And yet Thou comeſt, doſt not ſpurn
A ſinner, Lord, like me!
Ah how can I Thy love return,
What gift have I for Thee?

A heart that hath repented,
And mourns for ſin with bitter ſighs,—
Thou, Lord, art well-contented
With this my only ſacrifice.
I know that in my weakneſs
Thou wilt deſpiſe me not,
But grant me in Thy meekneſs
The favour I have ſought;
Yes, Thou wilt deign in grace to heed
The ſong that now I raiſe,
For meet and right is it indeed
That I ſhould ſing Thy praiſe.

Grant what I have partaken
May through Thy grace ſo work in me,
That ſin be all forſaken,
And I may cleave alone to Thee,
And all my ſoul be heedful
How ſhe Thy love may know,
For this alone is needful,
Thy love ſhould in me glow;

And let no beauty pleafe mine eyes,
No joy allure my heart,
But what in Thee, my Saviour, lies,
What Thou doft here impart.

Oh well for me that ftrengthen'd
With heavenly bread and wine, if here
My courfe on earth be lengthen'd,
I now may ferve Thee free from fear;
Away then earthly pleafure,
All earthly gifts are vain,
I feek a heavenly treafure,
My home I long to gain,
Where I fhall live and praife my God,
And none my peace deftroy,
Where all the foul is overflow'd
With pure eternal joy.

RIST. 1651.



FOR TRAVELLERS.

I.

At the Outset of any Journey.

IN God's name let us on our way!
The Father's help and grace we pray,
His love ſhall guard us round about
From foes within and harms without.
Hallelujah.

And Chriſt, be Thou our Friend and Guide,
Through all our wanderings at our ſide,
Help us all evil to withſtand
That wars againſt Thy leaſt command.
Hallelujah.

The Holy Spirit o'er us brood
With all His gifts of richeſt good,
With hope and ſtrength when dark our road,
And lead us home again in God!
Hallelujah.

II.

On a Long and Perilous Journey.

WRITTEN on a Journey to Ruſſia and Perſia, undertaken by the Author as Phyſician to the Embaſſy from Holſtein.

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er my taſk,
The counſel of my God I aſk,
Who all things hath and can;
Unleſs He give both thought and deed
The utmoſt pains can ne'er ſucceed,
And vain the wiſeſt plan.

For what can all my toil avail?
My care, my watching all muſt fail,
Unleſs my God is there;
Then let Him order all for me
As He in wiſdom ſhall decree;
On Him I caſt my care.

For nought can come, as nought hath been,
But what my Father hath foreſeen,
And what ſhall work my good;
Whate'er He gives me I will take,
Whate'er He chooſes I will make
My choice with thankful mood.

I lean upon His mighty arm,
It ſhields me well from every harm,

All evil ſhall avert;
If by His precepts ſtill I live
Whate'er is uſeful He will give,
And nought ſhall do me hurt.

But only may He of His grace
The record of my guilt efface,
And wipe out all my debt;
Though I have ſinn'd He will not ſtraight
Pronounce His judgment, He will wait,
Have patience with me yet.

I travel to a diſtant land
To ſerve the poſt wherein I ſtand,
Which He hath bade me fill;
And He will bleſs me with His light
That I may ſerve His world aright,
And make me know His will.

And though through deſert wilds I fare,
Yet Chriſtian friends are with me there,
And Chriſt Himſelf is near;
In all our dangers He will come,
And He who kept me ſafe at home,
Can keep me ſafely here.

Yes, He will ſpeed us on our way,
And point us where to go and ſtay,
And help us ſtill and lead;
Let us in health and ſafety live,
And time and wind and weather give,
And whatſoe'er we need.

When late at night my reſt I take,
When early in the morn I wake,
Halting or on my way,
In hours of weakneſs or in bonds,
When vex'd with fears my heart deſponds,
His promiſe is my ſtay.

Since then my courſe is traced by Him
I will not fear that future dim,
But go to meet my doom,
Well knowing nought can wait me there
Too hard for me through Him to bear;
I yet ſhall overcome.

To Him myſelf I wholly give,
At His command I die or live,
I truſt His love and power:
Whether to-morrow or to-day
His ſummons come, I will obey,
He knows the proper hour.

But if it pleaſe that love moſt kind,
And if this voice within my mind
Is whiſpering not in vain,
I yet ſhall praiſe my God e'er long
In many a ſweet and joyful ſong,
In peace at home again.

To thoſe I love will He be near,
With His conſoling light appear,
Who is my ſhield and theirs;
And He will grant beyond our thought

What they and I alike have ſought
With many tearful prayers.

Then, oh my ſoul, be ne'er afraid,
On Him who thee and all things made
Do thou all calmly reſt;
Whate'er may come, where'er we go,
Our Father in the heavens muſt know
In all things what is beſt.

PAUL FLEMMING. 1631.

III.

Prayers at Sea.

O LORD, be this our veſſel now
A worthy temple unto Thee,
Though none may hear its bells but Thou
And this our little company.
Our church's roof, yon mighty dome,
Shall ring with hymns we learnt at home,
Our floor the boundleſs toſſing wave,
Our field, our path, perchance our grave.

Where ſhall we aid and comfort find
With toils and perils all around?
Command, O mighty God, the wind
To bear us whither we are bound;
Oh bring us to our home once more
From weary wanderings ſafe to ſhore;

And thofe who follow us with prayer
Keep Thou in Thy moft tender care.

And as the needle while we rove,
To one point ftill is true and juft,
So let our hope and faith and love
Be fix'd in One in whom we truft;
His word is mighty ftill to fave,
He ftill can walk the ftormieft wave,
And hold His followers with His hand,
For His are heaven and fea and land.

F. WINKELMANN.

IV.

On the Sea-Shore.

THOU, folemn Ocean, rolleft to the ftrand
Laden with prayers from many a far-off land,
To us thy thoufand murmurs at our feet
One cry repeat.

Through all thy myriad tones that never ceafe
We hear of death and love, the crofs and peace,
New churches bright with hope and glad with pfalms,
And martyrs' palms.

Then on! and come whate'er our God fees fit!
To yon frail wave-toft planks we now commit
Our lives, our all, and leave our native land
At His command.

We take thee for our chariot, ſtormy Sea!
Borne ſafely on to ſerve our God by thee,
For thou and we alike obey His word
And own Him Lord.

And whether thy chill deeps become our grave,
Or far away our blood ſhall ſtain thy wave,
Or we ſhall croſs with joyous ſongs thy foam
Back to our home:

Be it as He ordains whoſe name is Love!
Whether our lot or life or death ſhall prove,
To Life Eternal ſurely guides His will,
And we are ſtill.

De La Motte Fouqué.

V.

The Parting.

NOW we muſt leave our father-land,
And wander far o'er ocean's foam;
Broken is kinſhip's deareſt band,
Forſaken ſtands our ancient home;
But One will ever with us go
Through buſieſt day and ſtilleſt night;
The heavens above, the deeps below
Shrink back abaſh'd before His ſight.

Then be the iſſue life or death,
Let Him do as it ſeems Him beſt,

The meſſenger of Chriſtian faith
  Looks not in this world for his reſt.
If but His hand ſtill hold us faſt,
  His preſence hourly fold us round,
The anchor of our ſouls is caſt
  Firm in the One eternal ground.

The voice of Everlaſting Love,
  That rang with living power through us,
Is worthy thus our ſouls to move,
  Worthy to fill a lifetime thus;
Here none was e'er deceived or loſt,
  Howe'er his earthly hopes might fade;
Then well for him who weighs the coſt
  Ere yet his final choice is made.

Yes, ſcatter'd are our brothers now
  O'er land and ocean far apart,
Yet to one Maſter ſtill they bow,
  In Him they ſtill are one in heart;
For as *one* ſin, *one* poiſon ran
  Through all our race ſince Adam's fall;
There is *one* hope, *one* life for man
  In Him who bore the ſins of all.

Sweet for each other oft to plead,
  And feel our oneneſs in the Son,
Ah then we daily meet indeed
  In ſpirit at our Father's throne!
Our bodies are but parted here,
  And fade in this dark land away,
The earthly ſhadows diſappear,
  The harveſt ripens for that Day.

Soon Time for us ſhall ceaſe to reign,
The Saviour calls us home in peace;
At laſt we all ſhall meet again,
And dwell together all in bliſs,
Where faith to cleareſt viſion yields;—
Triumphant light for ſorrowing gloom,
For deſert waſtes fair Eden's fields,
For tearful paths a bleſſed home!

ALBERT KNAPP.

VI.

On the Voyage.

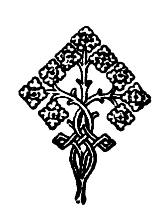
IN our ſails all ſoft and ſweetly,
Yet with bold reſiſtleſs force,
Breathe the winds of heaven, and fleetly
Wing us on our watery courſe;
Swift, and ſwifter, furrowing deep
Through the mighty waves, that keep
Not a trace where we have been,
On we ſpeed to lands unſeen!

Sink thou deeply in our mind,
Type of life, moſt apt and true!
Though we leave no track behind,
Yet we plough our furrows too,
Where, from out a world of bliſs,
Falls the ſeed unſeen of this,
And an unſeen diſtant home
Beckons o'er the deſert foam.

Be our voyage, brethren, ſuch
  That if direſt peril came,
Wreck and ruin could not touch
  Aught but this our weary frame;
That may gladly ſleep the while,
Still and bleſt the ſoul ſhall ſmile,
In the eternal peace of Heaven,
That our God hath ſurely given.

Oh that in that bleſſed peace
  Many and many a ſoul may reſt!
That through us might God increaſe
  Soon the number of the bleſt!
Free through us the ſouls that now
'Neath a bitter bondage bow;
Whom yet darkeſt error binds!
Speed, oh ſpeed us on, ye winds!

De La Motte Fouqué.



AT THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

I.

The Sure and Certain Hope.


OW lay we calmly in the grave
This form, whereof no doubt we have
That it ſhall riſe again that Day
In glorious triumph o'er decay.

And ſo to earth again we truſt
What came from duſt, and turns to duſt,
And from the duſt ſhall ſurely riſe
When the laſt trumpet fills the ſkies.

His ſoul is living now in God
Whoſe grace his pardon hath beſtow'd,
Who through His Son redeem'd him here
From bondage unto ſin and fear.

His trials and his griefs are paſt,
A bleſſed end is his at laſt,
He bore Chriſt's yoke, and did His will,
And though he died, he liveth ſtill.

He lives where none can mourn and weep,
And calmly ſhall this body ſleep
Till God ſhall Death himſelf deſtroy,
And raiſe it into glorious joy.

He ſuffer'd pain and grief below,
Chriſt heals him now from all his woe,
For him hath endleſs joy begun,
He ſhines in glory like the ſun.

Then let us leave him to his reſt,
And homewards turn, for he is bleſt,
And we muſt well our ſouls prepare,
When death ſhall come, to meet him there.

Then help us, Chriſt, our Hope in loſs!
Thou haſt redeem'd us by Thy croſs
From endleſs death and miſery;
We praiſe, we bleſs, we worſhip Thee!

MICHAEL WEISS. 1531.

II.

The Departure of a Christian.

NOW weeping at the grave we ſtand
And ſow the ſeed of tears,
The form of him who in our band
On earth no more appears.

Ah no, for he hath safely come
  Where we too would attain;
He dwells within our Father's home,
  And death to him was gain.

Now he beholds what we believe,
  He has what here we want,
The sins no more his soul can grieve
  That here the pilgrim haunt;
The Lord hath claim'd him for His own,
  And sent him calm release;
We weep, but it is we alone,
  He dwells in perfect peace.

He wears the crown of life on high,
  He bears the shining palm,
Where angels "Holy, holy," cry,
  He joins their glorious psalm.
But we poor pilgrims journey on
  Through this dark land of woe,
Until we go where he is gone,
  And all his joy shall know.

SPITTA.

III.

The Lord doth all Things well.

CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treaſure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice ſaith, "Come,
Enter thine eternal home;"
Aſking not if we can ſpare
This dear ſoul it ſummons there.

Had He aſk'd us, well we know
We ſhould cry, oh ſpare this blow!
Yes, with ſtreaming tears ſhould pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him ſtay!"

But the Lord doth nought amiſs,
And ſince He hath order'd this,
We have nought to do but ſtill
Reſt in ſilence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou doſt call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

MORAVIAN HYMN-BOOK.

IV.

The Light in Darkness.

THOUGH Love may weep with breaking
heart,
There comes, O Chrift, a Day of Thine,
There is a Morning Star muft fhine,
And all thefe fhadows fhall depart.

Though Faith may droop and tremble here,
That Day of light fhall furely come;
His path has led him fafely home;
When twilight breaks the dawn is near.

Though Hope feem now to have hoped in vain,
And Death feem king of all below,
There yet fhall come the Morning-glow,
And wake our flumberers once again.

F. A. Krummacher.

V.

The Death of a little Child.

GENTLE Shepherd, Thou haſt ſtill'd
Now Thy little lamb's long weeping;
Ah how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis ſleeping,
And no ſigh of anguiſh ſore
Heaves that little boſom more.

In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldſt no longer leave it,
To the ſunny heavenly plain
Doſt Thou now with joy receive it,
Clothed in robes of ſpotleſs white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Ah Lord Jeſus, grant that we
Where it lives may ſoon be living,
And the lovely paſtures ſee
That its heavenly food are giving,
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what moſt we love.

MEINHOLD.

VI.

On the Death of His Son.

THOU'RT mine, yes, ſtill thou art mine own!
Who tells me thou art loſt?
But yet thou art not mine alone,
I own that He who croſs'd
My hopes, hath greateſt right in thee;
Yea, though He aſk and take from me
Thee, O my ſon, my heart's delight,
My wiſh, my thought, by day and night.

Ah might I wiſh, ah might I chooſe,
Then thou, my Star, ſhouldſt live,
And gladly for thy ſake I'd loſe
All elſe that life can give.
Oh fain I'd ſay: Abide with me,
The ſunſhine of my houſe to be,
No other joy but this I crave,
To love thee, darling, to my grave!

Thus ſaith my heart, and means it well,
God meaneth better ſtill;
My love is more than words can tell,
His love is greater ſtill;
I am a father, He the Head
And Crown of fathers, whence is ſhed
The life and love from which have ſprung
All bleſſed ties in old and young.

I long for thee, my ſon, my own,
And He who once hath given,
Will have thee now beſide His throne,
To live with Him in heaven.
I cry, Alas! my light, my child!
But God hath welcome on him ſmiled,
And ſaid: "My child, I keep thee near,
For there is nought but gladneſs here."

Oh bleſſed word, oh deep decree,
More holy than we think!
With God no grief or woe can be,
No bitter cup to drink,
No ſickening hopes, no want or care,
No hurt can ever reach him there;
Yes, in that Father's ſhelter'd home
I know that ſorrow cannot come.

We paſs our nights in wakeful thought
For our dear children's ſake;
All day our anxious toil hath ſought
How beſt for them to make
A future ſafe from care or need,
Yet ſeldom do our ſchemes ſucceed;
How ſeldom does their future prove
What we had plann'd for thoſe we love!

How many a child of promiſe fair
Ere now hath gone aſtray,
By ill example taught to dare
Forſake Chriſt's holy way.

Oh fearful the reward is then,
The wrath of God, the ſcorn of men!
The bittereſt tears that e'er are ſhed
Are his who mourns a child miſled.

But now I need not fear for thee,
  Where thou art, all is well;
For thou thy Father's Face doth ſee,
  With Jeſus thou doſt dwell!
Yes, cloudleſs joys around him ſhine,
His heart ſhall never ache like mine,
He ſees the radiant armies glow
That keep and guide us here below:

He hears their singing evermore,
  His little voice too ſings,
He drinks of wiſdom deepeſt lore,
  He ſpeaks of ſecret things,
That we can never ſee or know
Howe'er we ſeek or ſtrive below,
While yet amid the miſts we ſtand
That veil this dark and tearful land.

Oh that I could but watch afar,
  And hearken but awhile,
To that ſweet ſong that hath no jar,
  And ſee his heavenly ſmile,
As he doth praiſe the holy God,
Who made him pure for that abode!
In tears of joy full well I know
This burden'd heart would overflow.

And I ſhould ſay : Stay here, my ſon,
My wild laments are o'er,
O well for thee that thou haſt won,
I call thee back no more ;
But come, thou fiery chariot, come,
And bear me ſwiftly to that home,
Where he with many a loved one dwells,
And evermore of gladneſs tells !

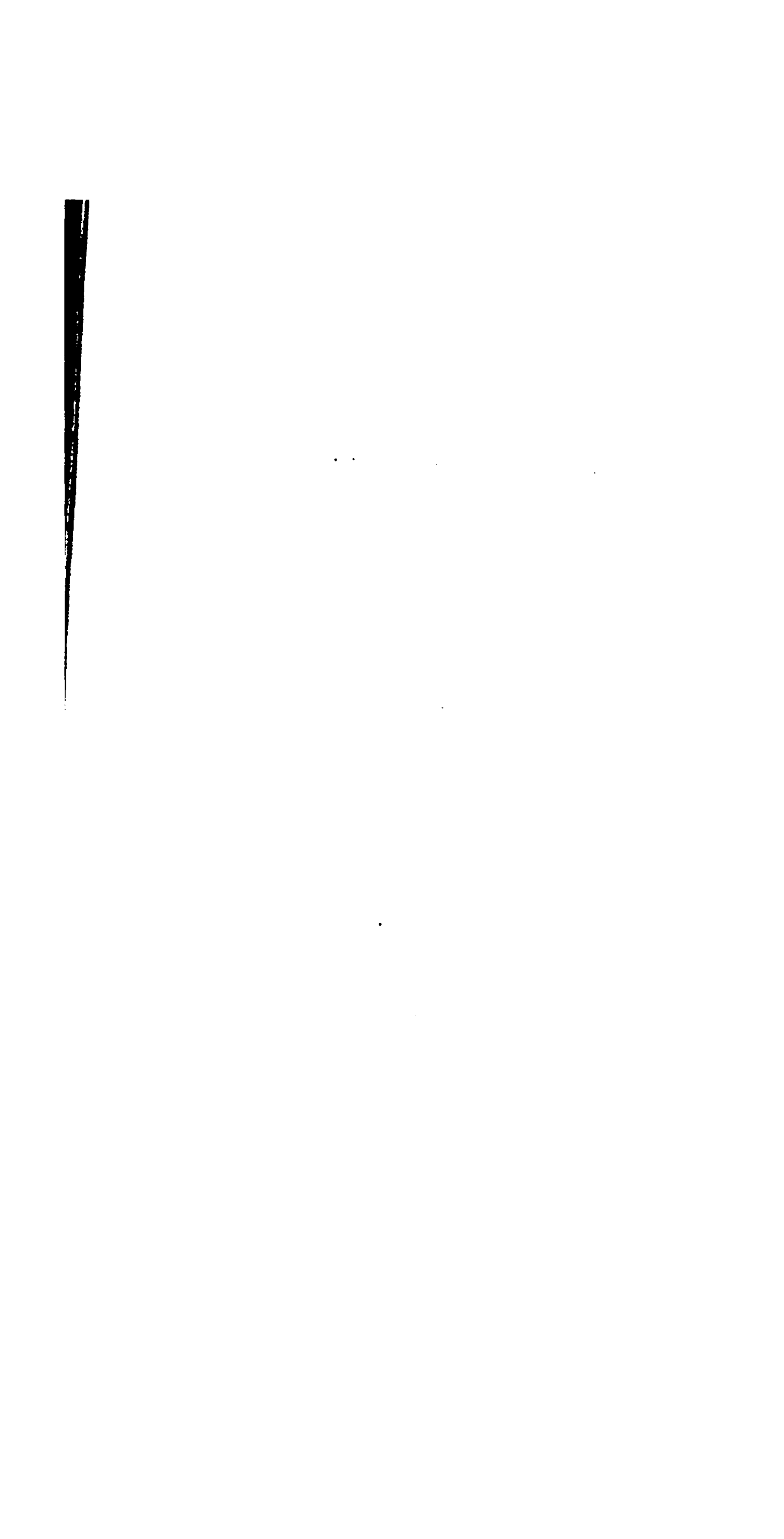
Then be it as my Father wills,
I will not weep for thee ;
Thou liveſt, joy thy ſpirit fills,
Pure ſunſhine thou doſt ſee,
The ſunſhine of eternal reſt :
Abide, my child, where thou art bleſt ;
I with our friends will onward fare,
And, when God wills, ſhall find thee there.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1650.



PART II.

THE INNER LIFE.





PENITENCE.

I.

The only Helper.

LORD Jesus Christ, in Thee alone
My hope on earth I place;
For other comforter is none,
Nor help save in Thy grace.
There is no man nor creature here,
No angel in the heavenly sphere,
Who at my need can succour me;
I cry to Thee,
For Thou canst end my misery.

My sin is very sore and great,
I mourn its load beneath;
Oh free me from this heavy weight
Through Thy most precious death;
And with Thy Father for me plead
That Thou hast suffer'd in my stead,
The burden then from me is roll'd;
Lord, I lay hold
On Thy dear promises of old.

And of Thy grace on me beſtow
True Chriſtian faith, O Lord,
That all the ſweetneſs I may know
That in Thy croſs is ſtored,
Love Thee o'er earthly pride or pelf,
And love my neighbour as myſelf;
And when at laſt is come my end,
Be Thou my Friend,
From all aſſaults my ſoul defend.

Glory to God in higheſt heaven,
The Father of all love;
To His dear Son, for ſinners given
Whoſe grace we daily prove;
To God the Holy Ghoſt we cry,
That we may find His comfort nigh,
And learn how, free from ſin and fear,
To pleaſe Him here,
And ſerve Him in the ſinleſs ſphere.

J. SCHNEESING. 1522.

II.

Submiſſion.

ALAS! my Lord and God,
How heavy is my load,
My ſins are great and weigh me to the ground;
The yoke doth ſorely preſs,
And yet in my diſtreſs
Through all the world no helper can be found.

And fled I in my fear
Far far away from here,
To earth's remoteſt end—Thou ſtill wert there.
My anguiſh and my pain
Would yet with me remain;
I could not flee away from my deſpair.

'Tis Thou canſt help alone,
I caſt me at Thy throne,
Rejećt me not, though I deſerve it, Lord;
Ah think of all Thy Son
For me, for me, hath done,
Nor let me feel Thy ſharp avenging ſword.

And if it muſt be ſo,
That puniſhment and woe
Muſt follow ſin, then let me bear it here;
Low at Thy feet I bow,
Oh let me ſuffer now,
But ſpare me yonder, then in love appear.

Oh Lord, forget my ſin,
And deign to put within
A calm obedient heart, a patient mind,
That I may murmur not,
Though bitter ſeem my lot,
For hearts unthankful can no bleſſing find.

Do Thou, O Lord, with me
As ſeemeth beſt to Thee,
For Thou wilt ſtrengthen me to bear the rod,

For this alone I pray,
Oh caſt me not away,
For ever from Thy grace, Thou pitying God.

Nay, that Thou wilt not do,
I know Thy word is true,
My faith can reſt in quiet hope on Thee,
The death of Chriſt, I know,
Hath freed me from my woe,
And open'd heaven to ſinners and to me.

Lord Jeſus, where Thou art
All doubt and dread depart,
My refuge is the croſs where Thou waſt ſlain,
Where Thou, Lord, for our ſake
Didſt all our griefs partake,
And die our comfort and our grace to gain.

Here at my Saviour's ſide,
Here let me ſtill abide,
Then death may come, but little he deſtroys;
Though ſoul and body part,
I live where Thou, Lord, art,
My ſins wiped out amid eternal joys.

All praiſe to God alone,
Who claims me for His own,
Through Chriſt my Lord; oh let me truſt Him then,
And lean in fulleſt faith
On what my Saviour ſaith,
He who believeth ſhall be ſaved; Amen.

RUTILIUS. 1604; and GROSS. 1627.

III.

In great inward Distress.

JESUS, pitying Saviour, hear me,
Draw Thou near me,
Turn Thee, Lord, in grace to me;
For Thou knoweſt all my ſorrow,
Night and morrow
Doth my cry go up to Thee.

Loſt in darkneſs, girt with dangers,
Round me ſtrangers,
Through an alien land I roam,
Outward trials, bitter loſſes,
Inward croſſes,
Lord, Thou knowſt have ſought me home.

See the fetters that have bound me,
Snares ſurround me,
Free the captive, hear my call;
Ah from ſin my ſoul I never
Can deliver,
I am weak and helpleſs all.

Though the tempter's wiles and cunning
I am ſhunning,
Yet they vex and wound me ſore;
Oft I waver, oft I languiſh,
Fill'd with anguiſh,
Strength and reſt are mine no more.

Peace I cannot find, oh take me,
Lord, and make me
From the yoke of evil free;
Calm this longing never-ſleeping,
Still my weeping,
Grant me hope once more in Thee.

Sin of courage hath bereft me,
And hath left me
Scarce a ſpark of faith or hope;
Bitter tears my heart oft ſheddeth
As it dreadeth
I am paſt Thy mercy's ſcope.

Lord, wilt Thou be wroth for ever?
Oh deliver
Me from all I moſt deſerved;
'Tis Thyſelf, dear Lord, haſt ſought me,
Thou haſt taught me
Thee to ſeek from whom I ſwerved.

Thou, my God and King, haſt known me,
Yet haſt ſhown me
True and loving is Thy will;
Though my heart from Thee oft ranges,
Through its changes,
Lord, Thy love is faithful ſtill.

Satan watches to betray me,
He would ſlay me,
Quicken Thou my faith and powers,

Let me, though Thy face Thou'rt hiding,
Still confiding,
Look to Thee in darkeſt hours.

Bleſs my trials thus to ſever
Me for ever
From the love of ſelf and ſin;
Let me through them ſee Thee clearer,
Find Thee nearer,
Grow more like to Thee within.

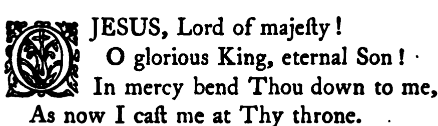
In the patience that Thou lendeſt
All Thou ſendeſt
I embrace, I will be ſtill;
Bend this ſtubborn heart I pray Thee
To obey Thee,
Calmly waiting on Thy will.

Here I bring my will, oh take it,
Thine, Lord, make it,
Calm this troubled heart of mine;
In Thy ſtrength I too may conquer,
Wait no longer,
Show in me Thy grace Divine.

Tersteegen. 1731.

IV.

The Weakness and Restlessness of Sin.



JESUS, Lord of majesty!
O glorious King, eternal Son!
In mercy bend Thou down to me,
As now I cast me at Thy throne.

Enslaved to vanity, and weak,
An alien power in me hath sway,
My strength is gone, howe'er I seek
I cannot break my bonds away.

How oft my heart against my will
Is torn and tossing to and fro,
I cannot, as I would, fulfill
The good that yet I love and know.

How many ties oppress and bind
The soul that yearneth to be free;
Distracted, vanquish'd, oft the mind
That fain would rest at peace in Thee.

I practise me in self-controul,
Yet rest and calm in vain pursue;
Self-will is rooted in my soul,
And thwarts me still, whate'er I do.

I hate it, but its life is ſtrong,
  I fear, yet cannot it forſake;
Ah Lord, how long it ſeems, how long,
  Until Thy grace my yoke ſhall break!

Ah Jeſus, when, when, wilt Thou lead
  The priſoner from this drear abode?
When ſhall I feel that I am freed,
  And Thou art with me, Son of God?

Oh take this heart, that I would give
  For ever to be all Thine own;
I to myſelf no more would live;
  Come, Lord, be Thou my King alone.

Yes, take my heart, and in it rule,
  Direct it as it pleaſes Thee;
I will be ſilent in Thy ſchool,
  And learn whate'er Thou teacheſt me.

What lives by life that is not Thine,
  I yield it to Thy righteous doom;
What yet reſiſts Thy power Divine,
  Oh let Thy fire of love conſume.

And then within the heart abide
  That Thou haſt cleanſed to be Thy throne;
A look from Thee ſhall be my guide,
  I watch but till Thy will is known.

Yes, make me Thine,—though I am weak,
  Thy ſervice makes us ſtrong and free;
My Lord and King, Thy face I ſeek,
  For ever keep me true to Thee.

TERSTEEGEN. 1731.

V.

A Christian's Daily Prayer.


GOD, Thou faithful God,
Thou Fountain ever flowing,
Without Whom nothing is,
All perfect gifts bestowing;
A pure and healthy frame
Oh give me, and within
A conscience pure from blame,
A soul unhurt by sin.

And grant me, Lord, to do,
With ready heart and willing,
Whate'er Thou shalt command,
My calling here fulfilling,
And do it when I ought,
With all my strength, and bless
The work I thus have wrought,
For Thou must give success.

And let me promise nought
But I can keep it truly,
Abstain from idle words,
And guard my lips still duly;
And grant, when in my place
I must and ought to speak,

My words due power and grace,
Nor let me wound the weak.

If dangers gather round,
Yet keep me calm and fearlefs;
And help me bear the crofs
When life is dark and cheerlefs;
And overcome my foe
With words and actions kind;
When counfel I would know,
Good counfel let me find.

And let me be with all
In peace and friendfhip living,
As far as Chriftians may;
And if Thou aught art giving
Of wealth and honours fair,
Oh this refufe me not,
That nought be mingled there
Of goods unjuftly got.

And if a longer life
Be here on earth decreed me,
And Thou through many a ftrife
To age at laft wilt lead me,
Thy patience in me fhed,
Avert all fin and fhame,
And crown my hoary head
With pure untarnifh'd fame.

Let nothing that may chance,
From Chrift my Saviour fever,

And dying with Him, take
My ſoul to Thee for ever;
And let my body have
A little ſpace to ſleep
Beſide my fathers' grave,
And friends that o'er it weep.

And when the Day is come,
And all the dead are waking,
Oh reach me down Thy hand,
Thyſelf my ſlumbers breaking;
Then let me hear Thy voice,
And change this earthly frame,
And bid me aye rejoice
With thoſe who love Thy name.

JOHANN HEERMANN. 1630.

VI.

The Deliverer from Bondage.

THOU Who breakeſt every chain,
Thou Who ſtill art ever near,
Thou with Whom diſgrace and pain
Turn to joy and heaven e'en here;
Let Thy further judgments fall
On the Adam ſtrong within,
Till Thy grace hath freed us all
From the priſon-houſe of ſin.

'Tis Thy Father's will toward us,
Thou ſhouldſt end Thy work at length;
Hence in Thee are centred thus
Perfect wiſdom, love, and ſtrength,
That Thou none ſhouldſt loſe of thoſe
Whom He gave Thee, though they roam
'Wilder'd here amid their foes,
Thou ſhouldſt bring them ſafely home.

Ah Thou wilt, Thou canſt not ceaſe,
Till Thy perfect work be done;
In Thy hands we lie at peace,
Knowing all Thy love hath won,
Though the world may blindly dream
We are captives poor and baſe,
And the croſs's yoke may deem
Sign of meanneſs and diſgrace.

Look upon our bonds, and ſee
How doth all creation groan
'Neath the yoke of vanity,
Make Thy full redemption known;
Still we wreſtle, cry, and pray,
Held in bitter bondage faſt,
Though the ſoul would break away
Into higher things at laſt.

Lord, we do not aſk for reſt
For the fleſh, we only pray
Thou wouldſt do as ſeems Thee beſt,
Ere yet comes our parting day;

But our ſpirit clings to Thee,
 Will not, dare not, let Thee go,
Until Thou have ſet her free
 From the bonds that cauſe her woe.

Ruler rule, and Conqueror conquer,
 King aſſert Thy ſovereign right,
Till there be no ſlavery longer
 Spread the kingdom of Thy might!
Lead the captives freely out,
 Through the covenant of Thy blood,
From our dark remorſe and doubt,
 For Thou wilt alone our good.

'Tis of our own fault, we own
 We are ſlaves to ſelf and ſloth,
Yet oh leave us not alone
 In the living death we loathe;
Cruſh'd beneath our burden's weight,
 Crying at Thy feet we fall,
Point the path, though ſteep and ſtrait,
 Thou didſt open once for all.

Ah how dearly were we bought
 Not to ſerve the world or ſin;
By the work that Thou haſt wrought
 Muſt Thou make us pure within,—
Wholly pure and free, in us
 Be Thine image now reſtored:
Fill'd from out Thy fulneſs thus
 Grace for grace is on us pour'd.

Draw us to Thy crofs, O Love,
Crucify with Thee whate'er
Cannot dwell with Thee above,
Lead us to thofe regions fair!
Courage! long the time may feem,
Yet His day is coming faft;
We fhall be like them that dream
When our freedom dawns at laft.

GOTTFRIED ARNOLD. 1697.

VII.

The Safe Refuge.

COURAGE, my forely-tempted heart!
Break through thy woes, forget their fmart;
Come forth and on Thy Bridegroom gaze,
The Lamb of God, the Fount of grace;
Here is thy place!

His arms are open, thither flee!
There reft and peace are waiting thee,
The deathlefs crown of righteoufnefs,
The entrance to eternal blifs;
He gives thee this!

Then combat well, of nought afraid,
For thus His follower thou art made,
Each battle teaches thee to fight,
Each foe to be a braver knight,
Arm'd with His might.

If ſtorms of fierce temptation riſe,
Unmoved we'll face the frowning ſkies;
If but the heart is true indeed,
Chriſt will be with us in our need,—
His own could bleed.

I flee away to Thy dear croſs,
For hope is there for every loſs,
Healing for every wound and woe,
There all the ſtrength of love I know
And feel its glow.

Before the Holy One I fall,
The Eternal Sacrifice for all;
His death has freed us from our load,
Peace on the anguiſh'd ſoul beſtow'd,
Brought us to God.

How then ſhould I go mourning on?
I look to Thee,—my fears are gone,
With Thee is reſt that cannot ceaſe,
For Thou haſt wrought us full releaſe,
And made our peace.

Thy word hath ſtill its glorious powers,
The nobleſt chivalry is ours;
O Thou, for whom to die is gain,
I bring Thee here my all, oh deign
To accept and reign!

J. H. BÖHMER. 1704.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

I.

The Chorus of God's Thankful Children.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blefs'd us on our way
With countlefs gifts of love,
And ftill is ours to-day.

Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And bleffed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praife and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in higheft heaven,

The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore!
MARTIN RINCKART. 1636.

II.

The Goodness of God.

ALL praiſe and thanks to God moſt High,
The Father of all Love!
The God who doeth wondrouſly,
The God who from above
My ſoul with richeſt ſolace fills,
The God who every ſorrow ſtills;
Give to our God the glory!

The hoſt of heaven Thy praiſes tell,
All thrones bow down to Thee,
And all who in Thy ſhadow dwell,
In earth and air and ſea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whoſe wiſdom orders all things right;
Give to our God the glory!

And for the creatures He hath made
Our God ſhall well provide;
His grace ſhall be their conſtant aid,
Their guard on every ſide;

His kingdom ye may ſurely truſt,
There all is equal, all is juſt;
Give to our God the glory!

I ſought Him in my hour of need;
Lord God, now hear my prayer!
For death He gave me life indeed,
And comfort for deſpair;
For this my thanks ſhall endleſs be,
Oh thank Him, thank Him too with me;
Give to our God the glory!

The Lord is never far away,
Nor ſunder'd from His flock;
He is their refuge and their ſtay,
Their peace, their truſt, their rock,
And with a mother's watchful love
He guides them whereſoe'er they rove:
Give to our God the glory!

And when earth cannot comfort more,
Nor earthly help avail,
The Maker comes Himſelf, whoſe ſtore
Of bleſſing cannot fail,
And bends on them a Father's eyes
Whom earth all reſt and hope denies:
Give to our God the glory!

Ah then till life hath reach'd its bound,
My God, I'll worſhip Thee,
The chorus of Thy praiſe ſhall ſound
Far over land and ſea;

Oh ſoul and body now rejoice,
My heart ſend forth a gladſome voice:
Give to our God the glory!

All ye who name Chriſt's holy Name,
Give to our God the glory!
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
Give to our God the glory!
All idols under foot be trod,
The Lord is God! The Lord is God!
Give to our God the glory!

J. J. SCHÜTZ. 1673.

III.

The Glory of God in Creation.

LO, heaven and earth, and ſea and air,
Their Maker's glory all declare;
And thou, my ſoul, awake and ſing,
To Him Thy praiſes alſo bring.

Through Him the glorious Source of Day
Can break the clouds of night away;
The pomp of ſtars, the moon's ſoft light,
Praiſe Him through all the ſilent night.

Behold, how He hath everywhere
Made earth ſo wondrous rich and fair;
The foreſt dark, the fruitful land,
All living things do ſhow His hand.

Behold, how through the boundleſs ſky
The happy birds all ſwiftly fly;
And fire and wind and ſtorm are ſtill
The ready ſervants of His will.

Behold the waters' ceaſeleſs flow,
For ever circling to and fro;
The mighty ſea, the bubbling well,
Alike their Maker's glory tell.

My God, how wondrouſly doſt Thou
Unfold Thyſelf to us e'en now!
O grave it deeply on my heart
What I am, and what Thou, Lord, art!

JOACHIM NEANDER. 1679.

IV.

The Faithfulness of God.

I WHO ſo oft in deep diſtreſs
And bitter grief muſt dwell,
Will now my God with gladneſs bleſs,
And all His mercies tell;
Oh hear me then, my God and King,
While of Thy Holy Name I ſing,
Who doeſt all things well.

Our fathers who are now no more
  Have praiſed Thee in their day,
They taught their children oft of yore
  The wonders of Thy way;
Our children ſhall not reſt, and ſtill
They ſhall not all the meaſure fill,
  Nor all exhauſt the lay.

To Thee how many thankful ſongs
  Have gone up ere my days,
And yet to me a part belongs
  In that great hymn of praiſe;
I too muſt tell Thy wondrous might,
And praiſe Thy covenant juſt and right,
  And Thine all-conquering grace.

And many a pious heart ſhall learn
  The ſongs I make to Thee,
Far o'er the ſtars that yonder burn
  Shall riſe our harmony,
Thy Majeſty, Thy mighty Hand,
Shall be reveal'd to every land,
  And all Thy goodneſs ſee!

For who is gracious, Lord, as Thou?
  Who hath ſo much forgiven?
Who ſtill to us would pitying bow
  Who thus with grace have ſtriven?
For loſt in ſins the whole world lies,
Her ceaſeleſs crimes would ſcale the ſkies,
  And cry aloud to heaven.

Yes, it muſt be a faithful heart
   That thus can love us ſtill,
Who oft reject the better part,
   And thankleſs chooſe the ill;
But God can be nought elſe but good,
And therefore doth His mercies' flood
   All things with bleſſing fill.

For this the works that Thou haſt made
   Do thank Thee and rejoice,
Thy ſaints ſhall bleſs Thee for Thine aid,
   And make Thy ways their choice,
And tell abroad from hour to hour
Thy glorious rule, Thy kingdom's power,
   With far-reſounding voice.

Yes, they ſhall praiſe it, till its fame
   Through all the world ſhall ring,
And all men learn to know Thy name
   And gifts and ſervice bring;
Eternal is Thy glorious throne,
Thy rule is like Thyſelf alone,
   O juſt, Eternal King!

And yet in death or pain or loſs,
   The Lord is with us all,
Lightens the preſſure of the croſs,
   Upholds us when we fall;
He ſtems the ſwelling tide of woes,
And when we ſink beneath its blows
   He comes, ere yet we call.

All eyes do wait on Thee, O Lord,
Who keepeſt us from dearth,
Who ſcattereſt rich ſupplies abroad
For all the wants of earth;
Thou openeſt oft Thy bounteous hand,
And all in ſea and air and land
Are fill'd with food and mirth.

Thy thoughts are good, and Thou art kind
E'en when we think it not;
How many an anxious faithleſs mind
Sits grieving o'er its lot,
And frets and pines by day and night,
As God had loſt it out of ſight,
And all its wants forgot!

Ah no! God ne'er forgets His own,
His heart is far too true,
He ever ſeeks their good alone,
His love is daily new;
And though thou deem that things go ill,
Yet He is juſt and holy ſtill
In all things He can do.

The Lord is ever cloſe and near
To thoſe who keep His word,
Whene'er they cry to Him in fear
Their prayer is ſurely heard;
He knoweth well who loves Him well,
His love ſhall yet their clouds diſpel,
And grant the hope deferr'd.

To thoſe who love Him He denies
No good thing that they ſeek;
He ſees their ſorrow, counts their ſighs,
And hearkens when they ſpeak,
And ſurely frees them from their woes;
But thoſe who hate them He o'erthrows,
And makes their boaſting weak.

Yet this is but a little part
Of what I fain would ſing;
But daily ſhall my voice and heart
New thanks and praiſes bring;
Oh help me all that live and move,
Help me to ſpeak His faithful love,
And praiſe our glorious King.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1606-1676.

V.

The Holiness of God brought near to Man in Christ.

O MIGHTY Spirit! Source whence all things ſprung!
O glorious Majeſty of perfect Light!
Hath ever worthy praiſe to Thee been ſung,
Or mortal heart endured to meet Thy ſight?
If they who ſin have never known
Muſt veil their faces at Thy throne,
Oh how ſhall I, who am but ſin and duſt,
Approach untrembling to the Pure and Juſt?

The voice of confcience in the foul hath fhown
Some far-off glimpfes of Thy holinefs,
And yet more clearly haft Thou made it known
In Thy dear word that tells us of Thy grace;
But with all-glorious light divine
In His face we behold it fhine,
The finlefs One, who this dark earth has trod
To win through forrow finners back to God.

The brightnefs of Thy glory was the Son;
Thy law engraven on His heart He wore,
And on His forehead that all clearly fhone
That Aaron's forehead but in fhadow bore;*
And even to death did He obey
To take the guilt of fin away,
And made a curfe for man, and dying thus,
He won the power of holinefs for us.

Now may Thine image in us fhine anew
In holy righteoufnefs and innocence;
Now ftrengthen'd by Thy Son a fervice true
Thy people render, pure from all offence;
But all their light is only dim,
A fhadow'd broken light from Him,
Who that we might be holy bore our load,
In Whom we dare to meet the Holy God.

J. J. Rambach. 1720.

* Exodus xxviii. 36-38.

VI.

To the Saviour.

IN Thee is gladneſs
Amid all ſadneſs,
Jeſus, Sunſhine of my heart!
By Thee are given
The gifts of heaven,
Thou the true Redeemer art!
Our ſouls Thou wakeſt,
Our bonds Thou breakeſt,
Who truſts Thee ſurely
Hath built ſecurely,
He ſtands for ever:
Hallelujah.
Our hearts are pining
To ſee Thy ſhining,
Dying or living
To Thee are cleaving,
Nought can us ſever;
Hallelujah.

If He is ours,
We fear no powers
Of earth or Satan, ſin or death!
He ſees and bleſſes
In worſt diſtreſſes,
He can change them with a breath!

Wherefore the ſtory
Tell of His glory
With heart and voices;
All heaven rejoices
In Him for ever;
Hallelujah.
We trïumph o'er ſadneſs,
We ſing in our gladneſs,
We love Thee, we praiſe Thee,
And yonder ſhall raiſe Thee,
Glad hymns for ever;
Hallelujah.

I. LINDEMANN. 1580-1630.

VII.

For Public Peace.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

THANK God it hath reſounded,
The bleſſed voice of joy and Peace!
And murder's reign is bounded,
And ſpear and ſword at laſt may ceaſe.
Ariſe, take down thy lyre,
My country, and once more
Uplift in full-toned choir
Thy happy ſongs of yore;

Oh raiſe thy heart to God and ſay:
Thy covenants, Lord, endure,
Thy mercies do not paſs away,
Thy promiſes are ſure.

For nothing do we merit,
But fiery wrath and ſharpeſt rod,
A race of froward ſpirit,
Whoſe ſhameleſs ſins ſtill mock our God;
And He indeed hath ſent us
Full many a bitter ſtroke,
And yet, do we repent us,
Or learn to bear His yoke?
Nay, as we were ſo ſtill we are,
But God abideth true,
His help ſhall ſtill the noiſe of war,
The captives' bonds undo.

O welcome day, that brought us
This precious noble gift of Peace!
For war hath deeply taught us
What ſorrows come where thou doſt ceaſe;
In thee our God now layeth
All hope, all happineſs;
Who woundeth thee, or ſlayeth,
Doth, like a madman, preſs
The arrow to his own heart's core,
And quench with impious hand
The golden torch of Peace once more,
That glads at laſt our land.

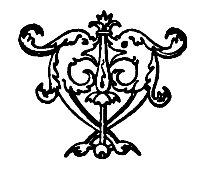
This ye could teach us only,
So dull and hard these hearts of ours,
Ye homes, now stripp'd and lonely,
Ye wasted cities, ruin'd towers;
Ye fields once fairly blooming,
With golden harvests graced,
Where forests now are glooming,
Or spreads a dreary waste;
Ye graves, with corpses piled, where lies
Full many a hero brave,
Whose like no more shall meet our eyes,
Who died, yet could not save.

O man, with bitter mourning
Remember now the bygone years,
When thou hast met God's warning
With careless scoff, not contrite tears;
Yet like a loving Father,
He lays aside His wrath,
And seeks with kindness rather
To lure thee to His path;
He tries if love may yet constrain
The heart that hath withstood
His rod,—oh let Him not in vain
Now strive with thee for good!

Thou careless world awaken!
Awake, awake, all ye that sleep,
Ere yet ye be o'ertaken
With ruin sudden, swift, and deep!
But he who knows Christ liveth,
May hope and fear no ill,

The Peace that now He giveth
Hath deeper meaning ſtill,
For He will ſurely teach us this:
"The end is nigh at hand,
When ye in perfect reſt and peace
Before your God ſhall ſtand."

PAUL GERHARDT. 1648.



THE LIFE OF FAITH.

I.

Faith.

AITH is a living power from heaven,
That grafps the promife God hath given,
A truft that cannot be o'erthrown,
Fix'd heartily on Chrift alone.

Faith finds in Chrift whate'er we need
To fave or ftrengthen us indeed,
Receives the grace He fends us down,
And makes us fhare His crofs and crown.

Faith in the confcience worketh peace,
And bids the mourner's weeping ceafe;
By Faith the children's place we claim,
And give all honour to One Name.

Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death;
Faith worketh hourly joy in God,
And trufts and bleffes e'en the rod.

We thank Thee then, O God of heaven,
That Thou to us this faith hast given
In Jesus Christ Thy Son, Who is
Our only Fount and Source of bliss;

And from His fulness grant each soul
The rightful faith's true end and goal,
The blessedness no foes destroy,
Eternal love and light and joy.

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN.

II.

Faith that worketh by Love.

WHO keepeth not God's word, yet saith,
I know the Lord, is wrong;
In him is not that blessed faith
Through which the truth is strong;
But he who hears and keeps the word,
Is not of this world, but of God.

The faith His word hath caused to shine
Will kindle love in thee;
More wouldst thou *know* of things divine,
Deeper thy *love* must be;
True faith not only gives thee light,
But strength to love and do the right.

Jesus hath wash'd away our sin,
And we are children now;

Who feels ſuch hope as this within,
To evil cannot bow;
Rather with Chriſt all ſcorn endure,
So we be like our Maſter pure!

For he doth pleaſe the Father well
Who ſimply can obey;
In him the love of God doth dwell
Who ſteadfaſt keeps His way;
A daily active life of love,
Such fruits a living faith muſt prove.

He is in God, and God in him,
Who ſtill abides in love;
'Tis love that makes the Cherubim
Obey and praiſe above;
For God is love, the loveleſs heart
Hath in His life and joy no part.

C. F. Gellert. 1757.

III.

The Christian's Trust.

I KNOW in Whom I put my truſt,
I know what ſtandeth faſt,
When all things here diſſolve like duſt
Or ſmoke before the blaſt:
I know what ſtill endures, howe'er
All elſe may quake and fall,
When lies the prudent men enſnare,
And dreams the wiſe enthral.

It is the Dayſpring from on high,
The adamantine Rock,
Whence never ſtorm can make me fly,
That fears no earthquake's ſhock;
My Jeſus Chriſt, my ſure Defence,
My Saviour, and my Light,
That ſhines within, and ſcatters thence
Dark phantoms of the night:

Who once was borne, betray'd and ſlain,
At evening to the grave;
Whom God awoke, Who roſe again,
A Conqueror ſtrong to ſave;
Who pardons all my ſin, who ſends
His Spirit pure and mild;
Whoſe grace my every ſtep befriends,
Who ne'er forgets His child!

Therefore I know in Whom I truſt,
I know what ſtandeth faſt,
When all things form'd of earthly duſt
Are whirling in the blaſt;
The terrors of the final foe
Can rob me not of this,
And this ſhall crown me once, I know,
With never-fading bliſs.

E. M. Arndt.

IV.

The Anchor of the Soul.

LORD, all my heart is fix'd on Thee,
I pray Thee, be not far from me,
With grace and love divine.
The whole wide world delights me not,
Of heaven or earth, Lord, aſk I not,
If only Thou art mine;
And though my heart be like to break,
Thou art my truſt that nought can ſhake,
My portion, and my hidden joy,
Whoſe croſs could all my bonds deſtroy;
Lord Jeſus Chriſt!
My God and Lord! My God and Lord!
Forſake me not who truſt Thy word!

Rich are Thy gifts! 'Twas God that gave
Body and ſoul, and all I have
In this poor life I live;
That I may uſe them to Thy praiſe,
And man's true welfare all my days,
Thy grace I pray Thee give;
From all falſe doctrine keep me, Lord;
All lies and malice from me ward;
In every croſs uphold Thou me,
That I may bear it patiently;
Lord Jeſus Chriſt!

My God and Lord! My God and Lord!
In death Thy comfort ſtill afford.

Ah Lord, let Thy dear angels come
At my laſt end to bear me home
To Paradiſe for aye;
And in its narrow chamber keep
My body ſafe in painleſs ſleep
Until Thy Judgment Day;
And then from death awaken me,
That theſe mine eyes with joy may ſee,
O Son of God, Thy glorious face,
My Saviour, and my Fount of Grace!
Lord Jeſus Chriſt!
Receive my prayer, receive my prayer,
Thy love will I for aye declare.

SCHALLING. 1594.

V.

The Resolve.

NOW at laſt I end the ſtrife,
To my God I give my life
Wholly, with a ſteadfaſt mind;
Sin, I will not hearken more,
World, I turn from thee, 'tis o'er,
Not a look I'll caſt behind.

Hath my heart been wavering long,
Have I dallied oft with wrong,

Now at laſt I firmly ſay:
All my will to this I give,
Only to my God to live,
And to ſerve Him night and day.

Lord, I offer at Thy feet
All I have moſt dear and ſweet,
Lo! I keep no ſecret hoard:
Try my heart, and lurks there aught
Falſe within its inmoſt thought,
Take it hence this moment, Lord!

I will ſhun no toil or wo,
Where Thou leadeſt I will go,
Be my pathway plain or rough;
If but every hour may be
Spent in work that pleaſes Thee,
Ah, dear Lord, it is enough!

One thing will I ſeek alone,
Nought without me ſhall be known,
Sought, or toil'd for, more by me;
Strange to earth and all her care,
Well content with pilgrim's fare,
Shall my life be hid in Thee.

Thee I make my choice alone,
Make for ever, Lord, Thine own
All my powers of ſoul and mind;
Yes, I give myſelf away,
Let the covenant ſtand for aye
That my hand to-day hath ſign'd.

TERSTEEGEN. 1731.

VI.

The Christian Race.

HE who'd make the prize his own,
Runs as ſwiftly as he can;
He who would attain the crown,
Strives in earneſt as a man;
Trains himſelf betimes with care
For the conflict he would ſhare,
Caſts aſide whate'er could be
Hindrance to His victory.

Lord, Thou biddeſt me aſpire
To a prize ſo high, ſo grand,
That it ſets my ſoul on fire
To be found amid Thy band:
Oh how brightly ſhineth down
From Thy heights the ſtarry crown
And the throne to victors given,
Who for Thee have bravely ſtriven!

Yet it ſeems I ſtrive in vain,
Lord, in pity look on me,
Thou my weakneſs muſt ſuſtain,
Set me now from all things free
That could keep me from my goal;
Come, Thyſelf prepare my ſoul,
Give me joy and ſtrength and life,
Help me in the race, the ſtrife.

Well our utmoſt efforts worth
Is the crown I ſee afar,
Though the blinded ſons of earth
Care not for our holy war;
An exceeding great reward
Is that crown of grace, my Lord;
Be Thyſelf my Strength divine,
And the prize ſhall ſoon be mine.

J. MENTZER. 1704.

VII.

The Christian's Joy.

AH deareſt Lord! to feel that Thou art near
Brings deepeſt peace, and huſhes every fear;
To ſee Thy ſmile, to hear Thy gracious voice,
Makes ſoul and body inwardly rejoice
With praiſe and thanks.

We cannot ſee as yet Thy glorious face,
Not yet our eyes behold its love and grace,
But Thee our inmoſt ſoul can ſurely feel,
Oh clearly, Lord, canſt Thou Thyſelf reveal,
Though all unſeen!

Oh well for him who ever day and night
Should only ſeek to feed on Thee aright!

In him a well of joy for ever ſprings,
And all day long his heart is glad and ſings:
Who is like Thee?

For Thou doſt love to meet us as a Friend,
Our comfort, healing, hope, and joy to ſend;
Patient to pity and to calm our woe,
And daily to forgive us all we owe,
Of Thy rich grace.

Whene'er we weep ſoon bid our tears to ceaſe,
And make us feel how ſtrong Thy love and peace;
And let the ſoul ſee Thee within, and learn
From need and love alike to Thee to turn
With ceaſeleſs gaze.

A warm and loving heart, a childlike mind,
Through every change mayſt Thou within us find;
The comfort of Thy holy ſorrows keep
Our hearts at reſt, in peace moſt calm and deep,
In joy or woe!

So ſhall we all, until Thy heaven we ſee,
Like children evermore be glad in Thee,
Though many a time the ſudden tear may ſtart,—
If only Thou wilt touch the throbbing heart
And ſtill its pain!

Thou reacheſt down to us Thy wounded hand,
And at Thy croſs, dear Lord, aſhamed we ſtand,
Remembering all Thy truth through weal and woe,
Until our eyes with tears muſt overflow
Of thanks and praiſe.

CHRISTIAN GREGOR. 1778.

VIII.

Under Clouds.

HERE behold me, as I cast me
At Thy throne, O glorious King!
Tears fast thronging, childlike longing,
Son of Man, to Thee I bring.
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
Me a poor and worthless thing.

Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
Only Thee to know I pine;
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
Take my heart and grant me Thine.

Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,
But Thy grace so rich and free,
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to Thee;
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
He hath all things who hath Thee.

Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,
Glorious name, or richest hoard,
Are but weary, void and dreary,

To the heart that longs for God ;
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
I am ready, mighty Lord.
JOACHIM NEANDER. 1679.

IX.

Aspiration.

UP! yes, upward to thy gladneſs
Riſe, my heart, and ſoul, and mind!
Caſt, oh caſt away thy ſadneſs,
Riſe where thou thy Lord canſt find.
He is thy home,
And thy life alone is He;
Hath the world no place for thee,
With Him is room.

On, ſtill onward, mounting higher
On the wings of faith to Him!
On, ſtill onward, ever higher,
Till the mournful earth grows dim!
God is thy Rock;
Chriſt thy Champion cannot fail thee,
Howſoe'er thy foes aſſail thee,
Fear not their ſhock.

Firm, yes firmly, ever cleaving
Unto Chriſt the ſtrong and true,
All, yes all, to God ſtill leaving,
For His love is daily new,

Be ſteadfaſt here;
Soon thy foes ſhall be o'erthrown,
Since He wills thy good alone,
Be of good cheer.

Hide thee, in His chamber hide thee,
Chriſt hath open'd now the door;
Tell Him all that doth betide thee,
All thy ſorrows there outpour;
He hears thy cry;
Men may hate thee and deceive thee,
But He cannot, will not leave thee,
He ſtill is nigh.

High, oh high, o'er all things earthy,
Raiſe thy thoughts, my ſoul, to heaven;
One alone of thee is worthy,
All thou haſt to Him be given;
Thy Lord He is
Who ſo truly pleads to have thee,
Who in love hath died to ſave thee;
Then thou art His.

Up then, upwards! ſeek thou only
For the things that are above;
Sin thou hateſt, earth is lonely,
Riſe to Him whom thou doſt love,—
There art thou bleſt;
All things here muſt change and die,
Only with our Lord on high
Is perfect reſt.

J. C. Schade. 1699.

X.

Song of the Christian Pilgrim.

A PILGRIM here I wander,
On earth have no abode,
My fatherland is yonder,
My home is with my God.
For here I journey to and fro,
There in eternal reſt
Will God His gracious gift beſtow
On all the toil-oppreſs'd.

For what hath life been giving,
From youth up till this day,
But conſtant toil and ſtriving?
Far back as thought can ſtray,
How many a day of toil and care,
How many a night of tears,
Hath paſs'd in grief that none could ſhare,
In lonely anxious fears!

How many a ſtorm hath lighten'd
And thunder'd round my path!
And winds and rains have frighten'd
My heart with fierceſt wrath:
And cruel envy, hatred, ſcorn,
Have darken'd oft my lot,
And patiently reproach I've borne,
Though I deſerved it not.

Then through this life of dangers
I onward take my way;
But in this land of ſtrangers
I do not think to ſtay,
But onward on the road I fare
That leads me to my home,
My Father's comfort waits me there,
When I have overcome.

Ah yes, my home is yonder,
Where all the angelic bands
Praiſe Him with awe and wonder,
In whoſe Almighty hands
All things that are and ſhall be, lie,
By Him upholden ſtill,
Who caſteth down and lifts on high
At His moſt holy will.

That home have I deſired,
'Tis there I would be gone;
Till I am well-nigh tired,
O'er earth I've journey'd on;
The longer here I roam, I find
The leſs of real joy
That e'er could pleaſe or fill my mind,
For all hath ſome alloy.

The lodging is too cheerleſs,
The ſorrow is too much;
Ah come, my heart is fearleſs,
Releaſe it with Thy touch,

When Thy heart wills, and make an end
  Of all this pilgrimage,
And with Thine arm and ſtrength defend,
  When foes againſt me rage.

Where now my ſpirit ſtayeth
  Is not her true abode,
This earthly houſe decayeth,
  And ſhe will drop its load,
When comes the hour to leave beneath
  What now I uſe and have;
And when I've yielded up my breath
  Earth gives me but a grave.

But Thou, my Joy and gladneſs,
  O Thou, my Life and Light,
Wilt raiſe me from this ſadneſs,
  This long tempeſtuous night,
Into the perfect gladſome day,
  Where bathed in joy divine,
Among Thy ſaints, and bright as they,
  I too ſhall ever ſhine.

There ſhall I dwell for ever,
  Not as a gueſt alone,
With thoſe who ceaſe there never
  To worſhip at Thy throne;
There in my heritage I reſt,
  From baſer things ſet free,
And join the chorus of the bleſt
  For ever, Lord, to Thee!

PAUL GERHARDT. 1606-1676.

XI.

Longing for Home.

NOW the pearly gates unfold,
O Thou Joy of higheſt heaven,
Who ere earth was made, of old
Light of light for light waſt given!
Haſten, Lord, and quickly come,
Bring the bride Thou haſt betroth'd,
In Thine own pure radiance clothed,
Safe to Thine eternal home,
Where no more the night of ſin
Spreads its fear and gloom within.

All my ſpirit thirſts to ſee,
Lord, Thy face unveil'd and bright;
And to ſtand from ſin ſet free,
Spotleſs Lamb, amid Thy light.
But I leave it,—Thou doſt well,
And my heaven is here and now,
Dayſtar of my ſoul, if Thou
Wilt but deign in me to dwell;
For without Thee could there be
Joy in heaven itſelf for me?

Bliſs from Thee my ſoul hath won,
Spite of darkly threat'ning ill;
And my heart calls Thee its Sun,
And the ſea of care grows ſtill

In the ſhining of Thy ſmile;
 And Thy love's all-quickening ray
 Chaſes night and pain away,
That my heart grows light the while;
Heavenly joys in Thee are mine,
Far from Thee I mourn and pine.

Graft me into Thee for ever,
 Tree of Life, that I may grow
Stronger heavenward, drooping never
 For the ſharpeſt ſtorms that blow,
Bearing fruits of faith and truth;
 Then tranſplant me out of time
 Into that eternal clime
Where I ſhall renew my youth,
When earth's wither'd leaves ſhall bloom
Freſh in beauty from the tomb.

Life, to whom as to my Head
 I unite me, through my ſoul
Now Thy quickening life-ſtream ſhed,
 And Thy love's warm current roll,
Freſhening all with ſtrength and grace;
 Be Thou mine, I am Thine own,
 Here and ever Thine alone,
All my hope in Thee I place;
Heaven and earth are nought to me,
Save, oh Life of life, with Thee!

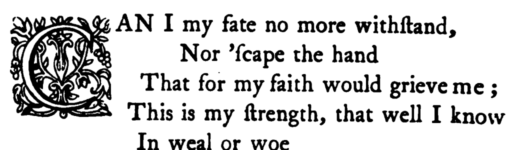
DESSLER. 1692.

SONGS OF THE CROSS.

I.

Queen Maria of Hungary's Song.

COMPOSED moſt probably in 1526, when ſhe was compelled to flee from Buda on account of her adherence to the Reformed Doctrine, after the Battle of Mohacz; in which her huſband and the flower of the Hungarian nobility fell in defending their country againſt the Turks.



CAN I my fate no more withſtand,
Nor 'ſcape the hand
That for my faith would grieve me;
This is my ſtrength, that well I know
In weal or woe
God's love the world muſt leave me.
God is not far, though hidden now,
He ſoon ſhall riſe and make them bow
Who of His word bereavè me.

Judge as ye will my cauſe this hour,
Yours is the power,
God bids me ſtrive no longer;
I know what mightieſt ſeems to-day
Shall paſs away,

Time than your rule is ſtronger.
The Eternal Good I rather chooſe,
And fearleſs all for this I loſe;
God help me thus to conquer!

All has its day, the proverb ſaith:
This is my faith,
Thou, Chriſt, wilt be beſide me,
And look on all this pain of mine
As were it Thine,
When ſharpeſt woes betide me;
Muſt I then tread this path—I yield;
World, as thou wilt, God is my ſhield,
And He will rightly guide me!

II.

In Outward and Inward Distress.

FROM the Dark Times of the Thirty Years' War.



CHRIST, Thou bright and Morning Star,
Now ſhed Thy light abroad;
Shine on us from Thy throne afar
In this dark place, dear Lord,
With Thy pure glorious word.

O Jeſus, Comfort of the poor,
I lift my heart to Thee
I know Thy mercies ſtill endure
And Thou wilt pity me;
I truſt alone to Thee.

I cannot reſt, I may not ſleep,
No joy or peace I know,
My ſoul is torn with anguiſh deep,
And fears a deeper woe;
O Chriſt, Thy pity ſhow!

For Thou didſt ſuffer for my ſoul,
Her burdens to remove;
Oh make me through Thy ſorrows whole,
Refreſh me with Thy love;
Lord, help me from above.

Then Jeſus, glory, honour, praiſe,
I'll ever ſing to Thee;
Increaſe my faith that Thou wilt raiſe
Me once where I ſhall ſee
Eternal joys with Thee!

ANON.

III.

The only Refuge in Time of Trouble.

WHEN in the hour of utmoſt need
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counſel yet have brought:

Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For reſcue from our miſery:

To Thee may raiſe our hearts and eyes,
Repenting ſore with bitter ſighs,
And ſeek Thy pardon for our ſin,
And reſpite from our griefs within :

For Thou haſt promiſed graciouſly
To hear all thoſe who cry to Thee,
Through Him whoſe Name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.

And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before Thee lay,
For tried, forſaken, lo! we ſtand,
Perils and foes on every hand.

Ah hide not for our ſins Thy face,
Abſolve us through Thy boundleſs grace,
Be with us in our anguiſh ſtill,
Free us at laſt from every ill.

That ſo with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to Thee,
And walk obedient to Thy word,
And now and ever praiſe the Lord.

PAUL EBER. 1511-1569.

IV.

Under a Heavy Private Cross or Bereavement.

O FAITHFUL God! O pitying Heart,
Whoſe goodneſs hath no end;
I know this croſs with all its ſmart
Thy hand alone doth ſend!
Yes, Lord, I know it is Thy love,
Not wrath or hatred bids me prove
The load 'neath which I bend.

'Twas ever wont with Thee, my God,
To chaſten oft a ſon;
He whom Thou loveſt feels Thy rod,
Tears flow ere joy is won;
Thou leadeſt us through darkeſt pain
Back to the joyous light again;
Thus ever haſt Thou done.

For e'en the Son Thou moſt doſt love
Here trod the path of woe;
Ere He might reach His throne above
He bore the croſs below;
Through anguiſh, ſcorn, and poverty,
Through bittereſt death He paſs'd, that we
The bliſs of heaven might know.

And if the pure and finlefs One
Could thus to forrow bow,
Shall I who fo much ill have done
Refift the crofs? O Thou
In whom doth perfect patience fhine,
Whoe'er would fain be counted Thine
Muft wear Thy likenefs now.

Yet, Father, each frefh aching heart
Will queftion in its woe,
If Thou canft fend fuch bitter fmart
And yet no anger know?
How long the hours beneath the crofs!
How hard to learn that love and lofs
From one fole Fountain flow!

But what I cannot, Thou true Good,
Oh work Thyfelf in me;
Nor ever let my trials' flood
O'erwhelm my faith in Thee;
Keep me from every murmur, Lord,
And make me fteadfaft in Thy word,
My tower of refuge be!

If I am weak, Thy tender care
Help me to face each ill!
With ceafelefs cries and tears and prayer
The long fad hours I'll fill;
The heart that yet can hope and truft,
And cry to Thee, though from the duft,
Is all unconquer'd ftill!

O Thou who diedst to give us life,
Full well to Thee is known
The cross, and all the inner strife
Of those who weep alone,
And 'neath their burden well-nigh faint;
The aching heart's unspoken plaint
Finds echo in Thine own.

Ah Christ, do Thou within me speak,
For Thou canst comfort best;
The tower and stronghold of the weak,
The weary wanderer's rest,
Our shadow in the noon-day hours,
And when the tempest round us lowers,
Our shelter safe and blest!

O Holy Spirit, sent of God,
In whom all gladness lies,
Refresh my soul, lift off her load,
From Thee all sadness flies;
Thou know'st the glories yet to come,
The joy, the solace, of that home,
Where we shall one day rise.

There in Thy presence we shall see
Glories beyond our ken;
The cross known here to none but Thee
Shall turn to gladness then;
There smiles for all our tears are given,
And for our woes the joys of heaven;
Lord, I believe! Amen!

PAUL GERHARDT. 1606-1676.

V.

The One True Friend.

AH God, my days are dark indeed,
How oft this aching heart muſt bleed,
The narrow way, how fill'd with pain
That I muſt paſs ere heaven I gain!
How hard to teach this fleſh and blood
To ſeek alone the Eternal Good!

Ah whither now for comfort turn?
For Thee, my Jeſus, do I yearn,
In Thee have I, howe'er diſtreſt,
Found ever counſel, aid, and reſt;
I cannot all forſaken be
While ſtill my heart can truſt in Thee.

Jeſus, my only God and Lord,
What ſweetneſs in Thy name is ſtored!
So dark and hopeleſs is no grief
But Thy ſweet Name can bring relief,
So keen no ſorrows' rankling dart
But Thy ſweet Name can heal my heart.

The world can ſhow no truth like Thine,
And therefore will I not repine;
I know Thou wilt forſake me not,
Thy truth is fix'd, though dark my lot;

Thou art my Shepherd, and Thy ſheep
From every real harm Thou wilt keep.

Jeſus, my boaſt, my light, my joy,
The treaſure nought can e'er deſtroy,
No words, no ſong that I can frame
Speak half the ſweetneſs of Thy name;
They only all its power ſhall prove
Whoſe hearts have learnt Thy faith and love.

How many a time I've ſadly ſaid,
Far better were it I were dead,
Far better ne'er the light to ſee,
If I had not this joy in Thee;
For he who hath not Thee in faith,
His very life is merely death.

Jeſus, my Bridegroom, and my crown,
If Thou but ſmile, the world may frown,
In Thee lie depths of joy untold,
Far richer than her richeſt gold;
Whene'er I do but think of Thee,
Thy dews drop down and ſolace me;

Whene'er I hope in Thee, my Friend,
Thy comfort and Thy peace deſcend;
Whene'er in grief I pray and ſing
I feel new courage in me ſpring;
Thy Spirit witneſſes that this
Is foretaſte of the eternal bliſs.

Then while I live this life of care
The crofs for Thee I'll gladly bear;
Grant me a patient willing mood,
I know that it fhall work my good;
Help me to do my tafk aright,
That it may ftand before Thy fight.

Let me this flefh and blood controul,
From fin and fhame preferve my foul,
And keep me fteadfaft in the faith,
Then I am Thine in life and death;
Jefus, Confoler, bend to me,
Ah would I were e'en now with Thee!

CONRAD HOJER. 1584.

VI.

Under the Pressure of Care or Poverty.

WRITTEN moft probably either during the great Famine in Nuremburg in 1552, or the time of the Siege in 1561.

WHY art thou thus caft down, my heart?
Why troubled, why doft mourn apart,
O'er nought but earthly wealth?
Truft in thy God, be not afraid,
He is thy Friend who all things made.

Doft think thy prayers He doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou doft need,
And heaven and earth are His;

My Father and my God, who ſtill
Is with my ſoul in every ill.

Since Thou my God and Father art,
I know Thy faithful loving heart
      Will ne'er forget Thy child.
See I am poor, I am but duſt,
On earth is none whom I can truſt.

The rich man in his wealth confides,
But in my God my truſt abides;
      Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing faſt that He hath taught,—
Who truſts in God ſhall want for nought.

Yes, Lord, Thou art as rich to-day
As Thou haſt been and ſhalt be aye,
      I reſt on Thee alone;
Thy riches to my ſoul be given,
And 'tis enough for earth and heaven.

What here may ſhine I all reſign,
If the eternal crown be mine,
      That through Thy bitter death
Thou gainedſt, O Lord Chriſt, for me,
For this, for this, I cry to Thee!

All wealth, all glories, here below,
The beſt that this world can beſtow,
      Silver or gold or lands,
But for a little time is given,
And helps us not to enter heaven.

I thank Thee, Chriſt, Eternal God,
That Thou haſt taught me by Thy word
To know this truth and Thee;
O grant me alſo ſteadfaſtneſs
Thy heavenly kingdom not to miſs.

Praiſe, honour, thanks, to Thee be brought,
For all things in and for me wrought
By Thy great mercy, Chriſt.
This one thing only ſtill I pray,
Oh caſt me ne'er from Thee away.

HANS SACHS.

VII.

The Resting-Place amid Changes.

ALL things hang on our poſſeſſing
God's free love and grace and bleſſing,
Though all earthly wealth depart;
He who God for his hath taken,
'Mid the changing world unſhaken
Keeps a free heroic heart.

He who hitherto hath fed me,
And to many a joy hath led me,
Is and ſhall be ever mine;
He who did ſo gently ſchool me,
He who ſtill doth guide and rule me,
Will not leave me now to pine.

Shall I weary me with fretting
O'er vain trifles, and regretting
Things that never can remain?
I will ſtrive but that to win me
That can ſhed true reſt within me,
Reſt the world muſt ſeek in vain.

When my heart with longing ſickens,
Hope again my courage quickens,
For my wiſh ſhall be fulfill'd,
If it pleaſe His love moſt tender;
Life and ſoul I all ſurrender
Unto Him on whom I build.

Well He knows how beſt to grant me
All the longing hopes that haunt me,
All things have their proper day;
I would dictate to Him never,
As God wills, ſo be it ever,
When He wills, I will obey.

If on earth He bids me linger,
He will guide me with His finger
Through the years that now look dim;
All that earth has fleets and changes
As a river onward ranges,
But I reſt in peace on Him.

Anon. in a Nuremberg Hymn-book of 1676.

VIII.

Rest in the Lord.

MY God, in Thee all fulneſs lies,
All want in me, from Thee apart;
In Thee my ſoul hath endleſs joys,
In me is but an aching heart;
Poor as the pooreſt here I pine,
In Thee a heavenly kingdom's mine.

Thou ſeeſt whatſoe'er I need,
Thou ſeeſt it, and pityeſt me;
Thy ſwift compaſſions hither ſpeed,
Ere yet my woes are told to Thee;
Thou heareſt, Father, ere we cry,
Shall I not ſtill before Thee lie?

I leave to Thee whate'er is mine,
And in Thy will I calmly reſt;
I know that richeſt gifts are Thine,
Thou canſt and Thou wilt make me bleſt,
For Thou haſt promiſed, and our Lord
Will never break His promiſed word.

Thou lov'ſt me, Father, with the love
Wherewith Thou lovedſt Chriſt Thy Son,
And ſo a brightneſs from above

Still glads me though my tears may run,
For in Thy love I find and know
What all the world could ne'er beſtow.

Then I can let the world go by,
And yet be ſtill and reſt in Thee,
I ſit, I walk, I ſtand, I lie,
Thou ever watcheſt over me,
And when the yoke is preſſing ſore
I think, my God lives evermore!

ANON.

IX.

The Christian's Confidence.

PROBABLY by Joachim Magdeburg, a Paſtor who died in 1560—long a favourite Hymn at death-beds; ſaid to be found in a ſtained glaſs window in Nordhauſen with the date 1592, printed at lateſt 1598.

WHO puts his truſt in God moſt juſt
Hath built his houſe ſecurely;
He who relies on Jeſus Chriſt,
Heaven ſhall be his moſt ſurely:
Then fix'd on Thee my truſt ſhall be,
For Thy truth cannot alter;
While mine Thou art, not death's worſt ſmart
Shall make my courage falter.

Though fierceſt foes my courſe oppoſe,
A dauntleſs front I'll ſhow them;
My champion Thou, Lord Chriſt, art now,
Who ſoon ſhalt overthrow them!
And if but Thee I have in me
With Thy good gifts and Spirit,
Nor death nor hell, I know full well,
Shall hurt me, through Thy merit.

I reſt me here without a fear,
By Thee ſhall all be given
That I can need, O faithful God,
For this life or for heaven.
O make me true, my heart renew,
My ſoul and fleſh deliver!
Lord, hear my prayer, and in Thy care
Keep me in peace for ever.

X.

Childlike Submission.

WHAT pleaſes God, O pious ſoul,
Accept with joy, though thunders roll
And tempeſts lower on every ſide,
Thou knoweſt nought can thee betide
But pleaſes God.

The beſt will is our Father's will,
And we may reſt there calm and ſtill,

Oh make it hour by hour thine own,
And wiſh for nought but that alone
Which pleaſes God.

His thought is aye the wiſeſt thought,
How oft man's wiſdom comes to nought,
Miſtake or weakneſs in it lurks,
It brings forth ill, and ſeldom works
What pleaſes God.

His mind is aye the gentleſt mind,
His will and deeds are ever kind,
He bleſſes when againſt us ſpeaks
The evil world, that rarely ſeeks
What pleaſes God.

His heart is aye the trueſt heart,
He bids all woe and harm depart,
Defending, ſhielding day and night
The man who knows and loves aright
What pleaſes God.

He governs all things here below,
In Him lie all our weal and woe,
He bears the world within His hand,
And ſo to us bear ſea and land
What pleaſes God.

And o'er His little flock He yearns,
And when to evil ways it turns,
The Father's rod oft ſmiteth ſore,
Until it learns to do once more
What pleaſes God.

What moſt would profit us He knows,
And ne'er denies aught good to thoſe
Who with their utmoſt ſtrength purſue
The right, and only care to do
What pleaſes God.

If this be ſo, then World, from me
Keep if thou wilt, what pleaſes thee;
But thou, my ſoul, be well content
With God and all things He hath ſent;
As pleaſes God.

And muſt thou ſuffer here and there,
Cling but the firmer to His care,
For all things are beneath His ſway,
And muſt in very truth obey
What pleaſes God.

True faith will graſp His mercy faſt,
And hope bring patience at the laſt,
Then both within thy heart enſhrine,
So ſhall the heritage be thine
That pleaſes God.

To thee for ever ſhall be given
A kingdom and a crown in heaven,
And there ſhall be fulfill'd in thee,
And thou ſhalt taſte and hear and ſee
What pleaſes God.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1653.

XI.

The quiet hoping Heart.

Written for the comfort of a Sick Friend, who ſet it to Muſic, and on his recovery frequently cauſed it to be ſung before his houſe by the School-Choir.

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right,
His will is ever juſt;
Howe'er He order now my cauſe
I will be ſtill and truſt.
He is my God,
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I ſhall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And ſo to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath ſent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He taketh thought for me,
The cup that my Phyſician gives
No poiſon'd draught can be,

But medicine due;
For God is true,
And on that changeleſs truth I build,
And all my heart with hope is fill'd.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Though I the cup muſt drink
That bitter ſeems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor ſhrink;
Tears paſs away
With dawn of day,
Sweet comfort yet ſhall fill my heart,
And pain and ſorrow ſhall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
My Light my Life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good,
I truſt Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We once ſhall ſee as ſunlight clear
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here will I take my ſtand;
Though ſorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a deſert land,
My Father's care
Is around me there,
He holds me that I ſhall not fall,
And ſo to Him I leave it all.

S. Rodigast. 1675.

XII.

The Courage of perfect Trust.

WHEREFORE ſhould I grieve and pine?
Is not Chriſt the Lord ſtill mine?
Who can ſever me from Him?
Who can rob me of the heaven
Which the Son of God hath given
Unto faith though weak and dim?

Naked, helpleſs, was I born
When my earlieſt breath was drawn,
Naked muſt I wander forth,
As a ſhadow flits away
At the coming of the day,
Bearing nought with me from earth.

Soul and body, life and goods,
Are not mine, are only God's,
Given me by His loving will;
Would He take back aught of His,
Let Him take it, not for this
Shall my ſong of praiſe be ſtill.

Sendeth He ſome croſs to bear,
Cometh ſorrow, need, or care,
Shall it all my peace deſtroy?

He who ſends can end it too,
Well He knows in ſeaſon due,
How to turn my griefs to joy.

Many a day of happineſs
Hath He ſent who loves to bleſs,
Shall I not bear aught for God?
He is kind, we know that He
Ne'er forſakes us utterly,
Love lies hidden in His rod.

What is there my foes can do,
Though they be nor weak nor few,
Save to ſcorn and mock my woe?
Let them laugh, and let them mock,
God my Saviour and my Rock
Soon ſhall all their ſchemes o'erthrow.

With a glad and fearleſs mien
Should a Chriſtian man be ſeen,
Whereſoe'er be caſt his lot;
Yea, though death ſeem cloſe at hand,
Calm and quiet let him ſtand,
And his ſpirit tremble not.

Him no death has power to kill,
But from many a dreaded ill
Bears his ſpirit ſafe away;
Shuts the door of bitter woes,
Opens yon bright path that glows
With the light of perfect day.

There in deepeſt joy my heart
Shall be heal'd from all the ſmart
  Of the wounds that pierced it here;
Here can no true good be ſound,
Seeming goods that here abound
  In a moment diſappear.

Wealth that this world can command,
Is it aught but barren ſand,
  Bringing cares and troubles ſore?
There, there are the gifts unpriced
Where my Shepherd Jeſus Chriſt
  Shall refreſh me evermore.

Fount of Joy, my Lord Divine,
Thine I am, and Thou art mine,
  Nought can part my ſoul from Thee;
I am Thine, for Thou didſt give
Once Thy life that I might live,
  Dearly didſt Thou purchaſe me.

Thou art mine, becauſe my heart
Ne'er will let Thee more depart,
  Clings to Thee her joy, her light;
Bring me, bring me to that place
Where, enclaſped in Thine embrace,
  Love at laſt is bleſt with ſight.

Paul Gerhardt. 1653.

XIII.

The Sufficiency of God.

SEEMS it in my anguiſh lone,
As though God forſook His own,
Yet I hold this knowledge faſt,
God will ſurely help at laſt.

He denieth not His aid
Though awhile it be delay'd;
Though it come not oft with ſpeed,
It will ſurely come at need.

As a father not too ſoon
Grants his child the long'd-for boon,
So our God gives when He will;
Wait His leiſure and be ſtill.

I can reſt in thoughts of Him,
When all courage elſe grew dim,
For I know my ſoul ſhall prove
His is more than father's love.

Would the powers of ill affright,
I can ſmile at all their might;
Or the croſs is preſſing ſore,
God, my God, lives evermore!

Man may hate me cauſeleſsly,
Man may plot to ruin me,

Foes my heart may pierce and rend;
God in heaven is ſtill my Friend.

Earth may all her gifts deny,
Safe my treaſure ſtill on high,
And if heaven at laſt be mine,
All things elſe I can reſign.

I renounce thee willingly,
World, I hate what pleaſes thee,
Baneful every gift of thine,
Only be my God ſtill mine.

Ah Lord, if but Thee I have
Nought of other good I crave,
Bright is even death's dark road,
If but Thou art there, my God.

C. Titius. 1641-1703.



THE FINAL CONFLICT AND HEAVEN.

I.

The Uncertainty of Life.


KNOW my end muſt ſurely come,
But know not when or where or how,
It may be I ſhall hear my doom
To-night, to-morrow, nay or now
Ere yet this preſent hour is fled,
This living body may be dead.

Lord Jeſus, let me daily die,
And at the laſt Thy preſence give,
Then Death his utmoſt power may try,
He can but make me truly live,
Then welcome my laſt hour ſhall be,
When, where, and how it pleaſes Thee.

S. Franck. 1711.

II.

Preparation for Death.

SAID to be written on occafion of the fudden death of Duke George of Saxe-Eifenach, while hunting.

WHO knows how near my end may be?
Time fpeeds away, and Death comes on;
How fwiftly, ah! how fuddenly,
May Death be here, and Life be gone!
My God, for Jefu's fake I pray
Thy peace may blefs my dying day.

The world that fmiled when morn was come
May change for me ere clofe of eve;
So long as earth is ftill my home
In peril of my death I live;
My God, for Jefu's fake I pray
Thy peace may blefs my dying day.

Teach me to ponder oft my end,
And ere the hour of death appears,
To caft my foul on Chrift her Friend,
Nor fpare repentant cries and tears;
My God, for Jefu's fake I pray
Thy peace may blefs my dying day.

And let me now fo order all,
That ever ready I may be
To fay with joy, whate'er befall,
Lord, do Thou as Thou wilt with me;

My God, for Jesu's sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

Let heaven to me be ever sweet,
And this world bitter let me find,
That I, 'mid all its toil and heat,
May keep eternity in mind;
My God, for Jesu's sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

O Father, cover all my sins
With Jesus' merits, who alone
The pardon that I covet wins,
And makes His long-sought rest my own;
My God, for Jesu's sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

His sorrows and His cross I know
Make death-beds soft, and light the grave,
They comfort in the hour of woe,
They give me all I fain would have;
My God, for Jesu's sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

From Him can nought my soul divide,
Nor life nor death can part us now;
I lay my hand upon His side,
And say, My Lord and God art Thou;
My God, for Jesu's sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

In holy baptism long ago,
I join'd me to the living Vine,

Thou loveſt me in Him, I know,
In Him Thou doſt accept me Thine;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

And I have eaten of His fleſh
And drunk His blood,—nor can I be
Forſaken now, nor doubt afreſh,
I am in Him and He in me;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

Then death may come or tarry yet,
I know in Chriſt I periſh not,
He never will His own forget,
He gives me robes without a ſpot;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

And thus I live in God at peace,
And die without a thought of fear,
Content to take what God decrees,
For through His Son my faith is clear,
His grace ſhall be in death my ſtay,
And peace ſhall bleſs my dying day.

EMILIA JULIANA, Counteſs of Schwarzburg Rudolſtadt. 1686.

III.

A Weary Pilgrim's Song.

WORLD, farewell! Of thee I'm tired,
Now toward heaven my way I take;
There is peace the long-desired,
Lofty calm that nought can break;
World, with thee is war and strife,
Thou with cheating hopes art rife,
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace and love and joy.

When I reach that home of gladness,
I shall feel no more this load,
Feel no sickness, want, or sadness,
Resting in the arms of God.
In the world woes follow fast,
And a bitter death comes last,
But in heaven shall nought destroy
Endless peace and love and joy.

What are earthly joys? a weary
Chase of mist, or wind-borne foam!
On this desert black and dreary
Sins and vices have their home;

Thine, O World, are war and ſtrife,
Mocking pleaſures, dying life;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace and love and joy.

Oh the muſic and the ſinging
Of the hoſt redeem'd by love!
Oh the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!
Thine, O World, the ſcornful ſneer,
Miſery thy reward, and fear;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace and love and joy.

Here is nought but care and mourning,
Comes a joy, it will not ſtay;
Fairly ſhines the ſun at dawning,
Night will ſoon o'ercloud the day;
World, with thee we weep and pine,
Gnawing care and grief are thine;
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace and love and joy.

Onwards then! not long I wander,
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with Him abiding yonder
All His glory I ſhall ſee;
For there's nought but ſorrow here,
Toil and pain and many a fear,
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace and love and joy.

Well for him whom death has landed
  Safely on yon bleſſed ſhore,
Where in joyful worſhip banded,
  Sing the faithful evermore;
For the world hath ſtrife and war,
All her works and hopes they mar,
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace and love and joy.

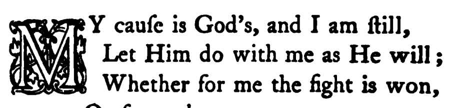
Time, thou ſpeedeſt on but ſlowly,
  Hours, how tardy is your pace,
Ere with Him the High and Holy
  I hold converſe face to face;
World, with partings thou art riſe,
Fill'd with tears and ſtorms and ſtrife;
But in heaven can nought deſtroy
Endleſs peace and love and joy.

Therefore will I now prepare me,
  That my work may ſtand His doom,
And when all is ſinking round me,
  I may hear not "Go"—but "Come!"
World, the voice of grief is here,
Outward ſeeming, care, and fear,
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace and love and joy!

J. G. Albinus. 1652.

IV.

In Time of dangerous Duty.



MY cauſe is God's, and I am ſtill,
Let Him do with me as He will;
Whether for me the fight is won,
Or ſcarce begun,
I aſk no more—His will be done!

My ſins are more than I can bear,
Yet not for this will I deſpair,
I know to death and to the grave
The Father gave
His deareſt Son, that He might ſave.

In Him my Saviour I abide,
I know for all my ſins He died,
And riſen again to work my good,
The burning flood
Hath quench'd with His moſt precious blood.

To Him I live and die alone,
Death cannot part Him from His own;
Living or dying I am His
Who only is
Our comfort, and our gate of bliſs.

This is my ſolace, day by day,
When ſnares and death beſet my way,
I know that at the morn of doom
From out the tomb
With joy to meet Him I ſhall come.

Then I ſhall ſee God face to face,
I doubt it not, through Jeſus' grace,
Amid the joys prepared for me!
Thanks be to Thee
Who giveſt us the victory!

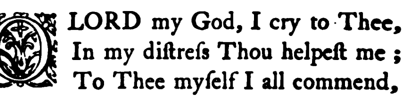
O Jeſus Chriſt, Thou Son of God,
Who once for me didſt bear the rod,
Ah hide me in Thy wounded heart
When I depart;
My help, my hope, Thou only art!

Amen, dear God! now ſend us faith,
And at the laſt a happy death;
And grant us all ere long to be
In heaven with Thee,
To praiſe Thee there eternally.

J. Pappus. 1598.

V.

In the near prospect of Death.



O LORD my God, I cry to Thee,
In my diſtreſs Thou helpeſt me ;
To Thee myſelf I all commend,
Oh ſwiftly now Thine angel ſend
To guide me home, and cheer my heart,
Since Thou doſt call me to depart !

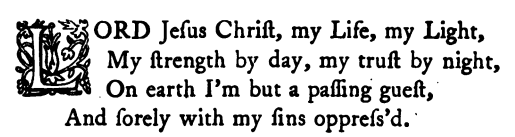
O Jeſu Chriſt, Thou Lamb of God,
Once ſlain to take away our load,
Now let Thy croſs, Thine agony,
Avail to ſave and ſolace me ;
Thy death to open heaven, and there
Bid me the joy of angels ſhare.

O Holy Spirit, at the end,
Sweet Comforter, be Thou my Friend !
When death and hell aſſail me ſore,
Leave me, oh leave me, nevermore,
But bear me ſafely through that ſtriſe,
As Thou haſt promiſed, into life !

NICHOLAS SELNECKER. 1587.

VI.

In Weakness and Distress of Mind.



LORD Jeſus Chriſt, my Life, my Light,
My ſtrength by day, my truſt by night,
On earth I'm but a paſſing gueſt,
And ſorely with my ſins oppreſs'd.

Far off I ſee my fatherland,
Where through Thy grace I hope to ſtand,
But ere I reach that Paradiſe
A weary way before me lies.

My heart ſinks at the journey's length,
My waſted fleſh has little ſtrength,
Only my ſoul ſtill cries in me,
Lord, fetch me home, take me to Thee!

Oh let Thy ſufferings give me power
To meet the laſt and darkeſt hour;
Thy prayer refreſh and comfort me,
Thy bonds and fetters ſet me free!

That thirſt and bitter draught of Thine
Help me to bear with patience mine,
Thy piercing cry avail my ſoul,
When floods of anguiſh o'er me roll!

And when my lips grow white and chill,
Thy Spirit cry within me ſtill,

And help my ſoul Thy heaven to find,
When theſe poor eyes grow dark and blind!

And when the ſpirit flies away,
Thy parting words ſhall be my ſtay,
Thy croſs the ſtaff whereon I lean,
My couch the grave where Thou haſt been.

Since Thou haſt died, the Pure, the Juſt,
I take my homeward way in truſt,
The gates of heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

And when the laſt great Day is come,
And Thou our Judge ſhalt ſpeak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And ſet me then upon Thy right.

Renew this waſted fleſh of mine,
That like the ſun it there may ſhine,
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyſelf in glorious light.

Ah then I have my heart's deſire,
When ſinging with the angels' choir,
Among the ranſom'd of Thy grace,
For ever I behold Thy face!

M. Behemb. 1606.

VII.

Resignation.

LORD God, now open wide Thy heaven,
My parting hour is near;
My courſe is run, enough I've ſtriven,
Enough I've ſuffer'd here;
Weary and ſad
My ſoul is glad
That ſhe may lay her down to reſt;
Now all on earth I can reſign,
But only let Thy heaven be mine.

As Thou, Lord, haſt commanded me,
Have I with perfect faith
Embraced my Saviour, and to Thee
I calmly look in death;
With willing heart
I hence depart,
I hope to ſtand before Thy face:
Yes, all on earth I can reſign,
If but Thy heaven at laſt be mine.

Then let me go like Simeon
In peace with thee to dwell,
For I commend me to Thy Son,
And He will guard me well,

And guide me ſtraight
To the golden gate;
And in this hope I calmly die;
Yes, all on earth I can reſign,
If but Thy heaven may now be mine.

T. Kiel. 1620.

VIII.

The Faithful Servant longing for Peace.

LORD, now let Thy ſervant
Paſs in peace away;
I have had enough of life,
Here I would not ſtay:
Let me go, if ſuch Thy will,
With a heart at reſt and ſtill.

Here, Lord, have I wreſtled,
Suffer'd many a woe,
Fought as fearleſs warriors fight,
Conquer'd many a foe,
Kept the faith with them of old,
Helped to guard and warn Thy fold.

Many an hour of ſorrow,
Many an anguiſh'd tear,
Many a thorny path was mine
With Thy people here;
O'er my ſins I've had to mourn,
Many a croſs and trial borne.

All at laſt is ended,
  Fight and race are o'er,
God will free me now from all
  Ills for evermore;
To a better life I go,
Than this tearful earth can ſhow.

Peace ſhall I find yonder,
  And be free from ſin,
No more ſtrife and wars without,
  No more foes within,
All around me ſhall be peace,
And the joy that cannot ceaſe.

Where they bear the ſceptre,
  There a crown for me
Is laid up through Jeſu's grace,
  Bright that crown ſhall be:
Deepeſt calm my ſoul ſhall fill,
And this longing ſhall be ſtill.

My Redeemer liveth,
  He ſhall bid me riſe
From the gloomy realm of death,
  There all ſorrow lies,
And I need not fear to wake,
Since His voice my ſleep ſhall break.

He will change this body,
  Make it like His own,
When the dead ariſe from earth,
  When the trump is blown,

I ſhall ſee Him face to face,
Here my ſteadfaſt hope I place.

Therefore of His mercy
Ever will I ſing,
All my heart and ſoul to Him
Praiſe and thanks ſhall bring;
Praiſe Him now, and praiſe Him then,
When the heavens ſhall cry, Amen!

DAVID BÖHME. 1605-1657.

IX.

The Christian Soldier rejoicing that he has overcome.

THEN now at laſt the hour is come,
That I have long'd for many a time,
When God with joy ſhould call me home
From this ſtrange land, this wintry clime;
Thy victim, Death, eſcapes no more,
The hour draws on when I ſhall be
From all the bonds of earth ſet free,
And life's long battle ſhall be o'er.

To combat for His glory here
The Father ſent me forth;—and lo!
The hour of victory draws near,
And conquer'd now is every foe;

And I have borne me in the ſtrife
As true and fearless warriors ought,
And bravely to the laſt have fought
Through all the wars and woes of life.

My cry, when rough the march and dark,
Was, watch and ſtrive till thou haſt won,
Preſs forward fearleſs to the mark!
As now, thank God, at laſt I've done.
Now it is o'er, I cannot miſs;
Through every danger to the death
True to my Lord I've kept the faith,
And freely riſk'd all elſe for this.

It lacketh now a few ſhort hours,
And I am in eternity;
The wreath of fadeleſs heavenly flowers
Is wound already there for me,
The crown is waiting for me there,
Until the fight is wholly fought,
And all my ſoul is thither caught,
Where ſhining palms the conquerors bear.

But when that morning ſhall appear,
When our great Judge, the Son of God,
Shall give to thoſe who loved Him here
Their gracious undeſerved reward,
Then in the glorious halls above,
I too among that hoſt ſhall ſtand,
And take from His all-faithful hand
The crown of righteouſneſs and love.

Nor ſhall I yonder ſtand alone,
I ſee the crownèd hoſt appear,
The mighty hoſt before His throne,
Who ſhine for ever pure and clear,
The ſouls of thoſe, who on their way
Were longing hour by hour here,
With burning love, and many a tear,
To ſee the glories of that Day.

SPENER. 1676.

X.

Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, thou city fair and high,
Would God I were in thee!
My longing heart fain fain to thee woul
fly,
It will not ſtay with me;
Far over vale and mountain,
Far over field and plain,
It haſtes to ſeek its Fountain
And quit this world of pain.

Oh happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at laſt?
When fearleſs to my Father's love and power,
Whoſe promiſe ſtandeth faſt,
My ſoul I gladly render,
For ſurely will His hand
Lead her with guidance tender
To heaven her fatherland.

A moment's ſpace, and gently, wondrouſly,
Releaſed from earthly ties,
The fiery chariot bears her up to thee
Through all theſe lower ſkies,
To yonder ſhining regions,
While down to meet her come
The bleſſed angel legions,
And bid her welcome home.

Oh hail thou glorious city! now unfold
The gates of grace to me!
How many a time I long'd for thee of old,
Ere yet I was ſet free
From yon dark life of ſadneſs,
Yon world of ſhadowy nought,
And God had given the gladneſs,
The heritage I ſought.

Oh what the nation, what the glorious hoſt,
Comes ſweeping ſwiftly down?
The choſen ones on earth who wrought the moſt,
The Church's brighteſt crown,
Our Lord hath ſent to meet me,
As in the far-off years
Their words oft came to greet me
In yonder land of tears.

The Patriarchs' and Prophets' noble train,
With all Chriſt's followers true,
Who bore the croſs, and could the worſt diſtain
That tyrants dared to do,

I ſee them ſhine for ever,
All-glorious as the ſun,
'Mid light that fadeth never,
Their perfect freedom won.

And when within that lovely Paradiſe
At laſt I ſafely dwell,
From out my bliſsful ſoul what ſongs ſhall ı
What joy my lips ſhall tell,
While holy ſaints are ſinging
Hoſannas o'er and o'er,
Pure Hallelujahs ringing
Around me evermore.

Innumerous choirs before the ſhining thron
Their joyful anthems raiſe,
Till Heaven's glad halls are echoing with th
Of that great hymn of praiſe,
And all its hoſt rejoices,
And all its bleſſed throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal ſong!

J. M. Meyfart. 1634.

XI.

The new Heavens and new Earth.

NOW fain my joyous heart would ſing
 That lovely ſummer-time,
When God reneweth everything
 In His celeſtial prime;
When He ſhall make new heavens and earth,
 And all the creatures there
Shall ſpring from out that ſecond birth
 All-glorious, pure, and fair.

The perfect beauty of that ſphere
 No mortal tongue may ſpeak,
We have no likeneſs for it here,
 Our words are far too weak;
And we muſt wait till we behold
 The hour of judgment true,
That to the ſoul ſhall all unfold
 What God is, and can do.

For God ere long will ſummon all
 Who e'er on earth were born,
This fleſh ſhall hear the trumpet's call
 And live again that morn,
And when in Chriſt His Son we wake,
 Theſe ſkies aſunder roll,
And all the bliſs of heaven ſhall break
 Upon the raptured ſoul.

And He will lead the white-robed throng
 To His fair Paradiſe,
Where from the marriage-feaſt the ſong
 Of endleſs praiſe ſhall riſe,
And from His fathomleſs abyſs
 Of perfect love and truth,
Shall flow perpetual joy and bliſs,
 In never-ending youth.

Ah God, now lead me of Thy love
 Through this dark world aright;
Lord Chriſt, defend me leſt I rove
 Or lies delude my ſight;
And keep me ſteadfaſt in the faith
 Till theſe dark days have ceaſed,
And ready ſtill in life or death
 For Thy great marriage-feaſt.

And herewith will I end the ſong
 Of that fair ſummer-time;
The bloſſoms ſhall burſt out ere long
 Of heaven's eternal prime,
The year begin, for ever new;
 God grant us then on high
To ſee our viſion here made true,
 And eat the fruits of joy!

J. WALTHER. 1557.

XII.

The Final Joy.

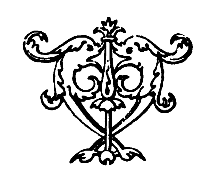
WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah come, Thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee

With harp and cymbal's cleareſt tone ;
Of one pearl each ſhining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne ;
Nor eye hath ſeen, nor ear
Hath yet attain'd to hear
What there is ours,
But we rejoice, and ſing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

PHILIP NICOLAI. 1598.



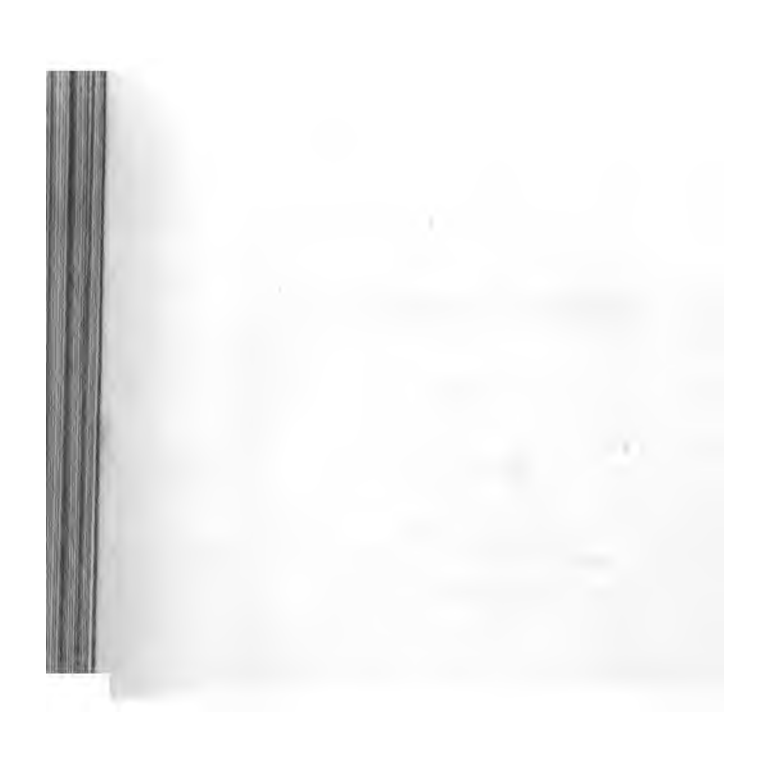
The End.

HEN the Lord recalls the banifh'd,
Frees the captives all at laft,
Every forrow will have vanifh'd
Like a dream when night is paft;
Then fhall all our hearts rejoice,
And with glad refounding voice
We fhall praife the Lord who fought us,
For the freedom He hath wrought us.

Lift Thy hand to aid us, Father,
Look on us who widely roam,
And Thy fcatter'd children gather
In their long'd-for promifed home;
Steep and weary is the way,
Shorten Thou the fultry day,
Faithful warriors haft Thou found us,
Let Thy peace for aye furround us.

In that peace we reap in gladnefs
What was fown in tearful fhowers:
There the fruit of all our fadnefs
Ripens,—there the palm is ours;
There our God upon His throne
Is our full reward alone;
They who all for God furrender
Bring their fheaves in heavenly fplendour.

S. G. Bürde. 1794.





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